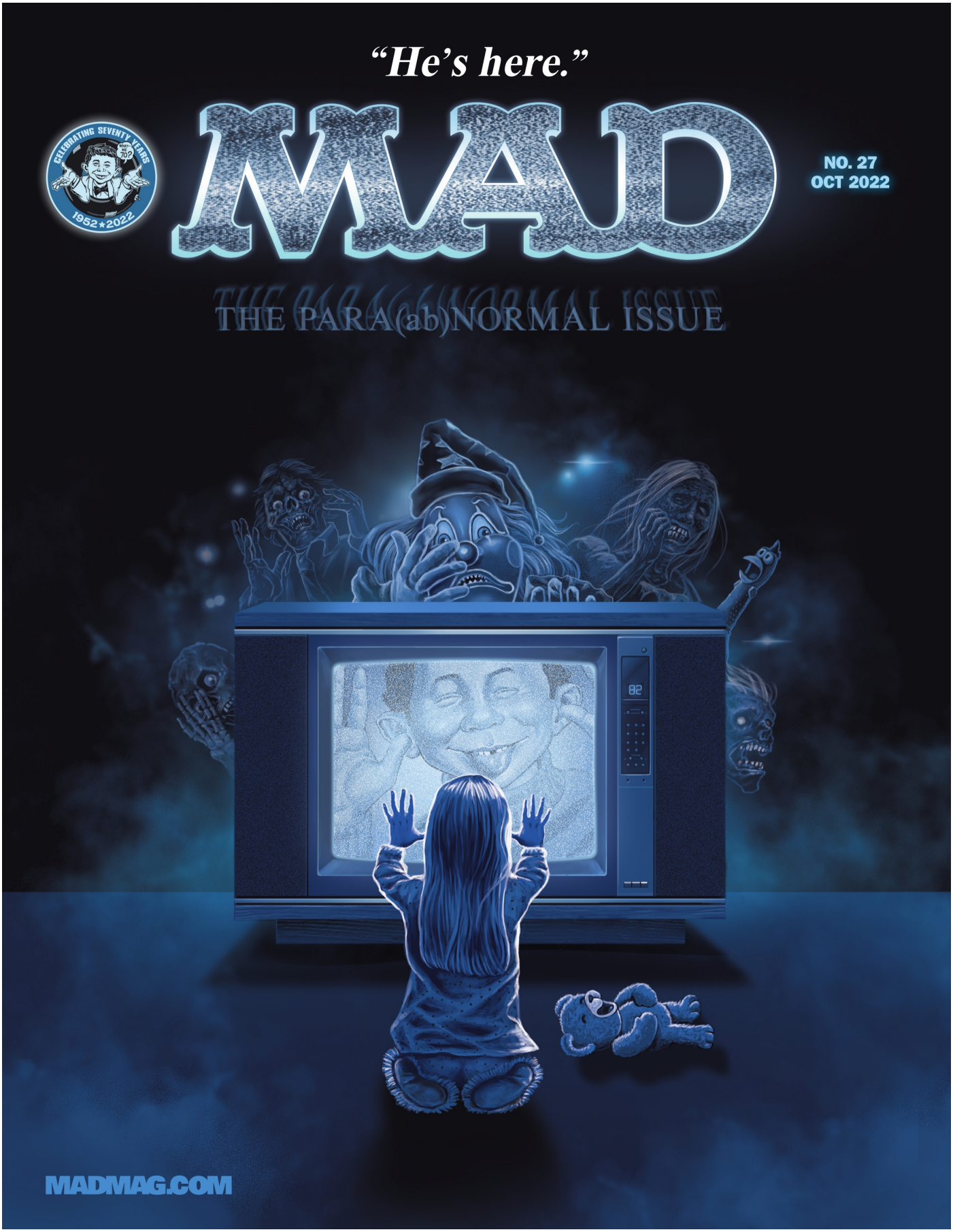
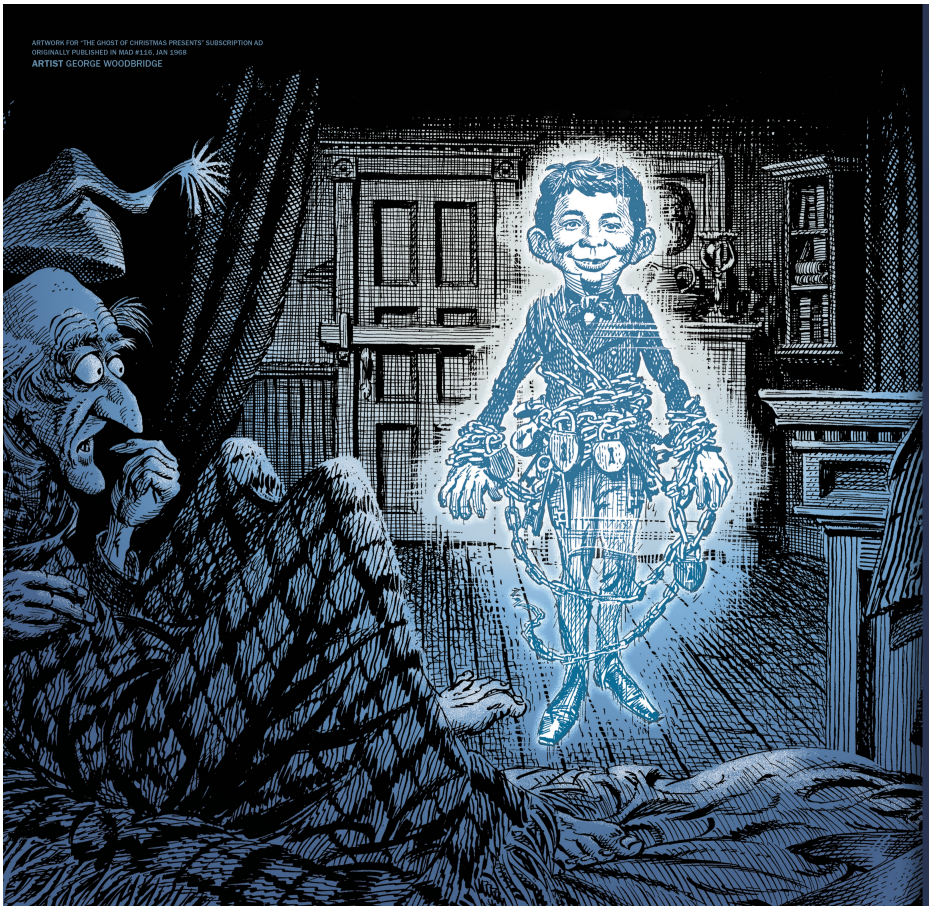

"He's here."
CELEBRATING SEVENTY YEARS
1952★2022
MAD
NO. 27
OCT 2022
THE PARA(ab)NORMAL ISSUE
MADMAG.COM



ARTWORK FOR "THE GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENTS" SUBSCRIPTION AD
ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #116, JAN 1968
ARTIST GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

SEVENTY YEARS OF HUMOR IN A JUGULAR VEIN

MAD

NO. 27 OCTOBER 2022

WILLIAM M. GAINES FOUNDER
SUZY HUTCHINSON ART DIRECTOR
BERN MENDOZA ASSOCIATE ART DIRECTOR

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CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS & WRITERS The Usual Gang of Idiots
INSIDE BACK COVER A MAD Fold-In by Johnny Sampson
VARIOUS PLACES Drawn Out Dramas by Sergio Aragonés
COVER ARTIST "Ghoulish" Gary Pullin

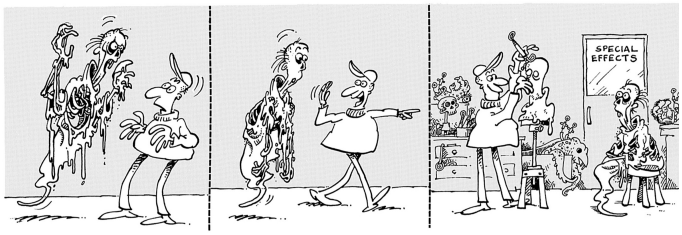
The vintage MAD pieces reprinted in this issue were produced in a time that was less mindful and sensitive to matters of race, gender, sexual identity, religion, and food allergies. The text of these articles is presented mostly unaltered (and with crossed fingers) for historical reference.

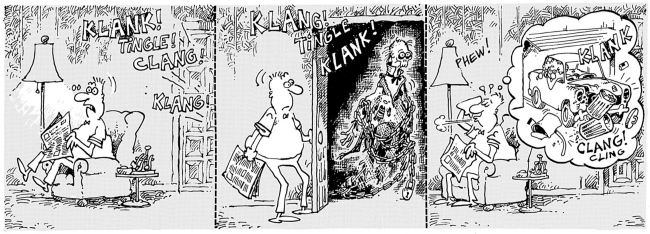
SERGE-IN GENERAL DEPT.

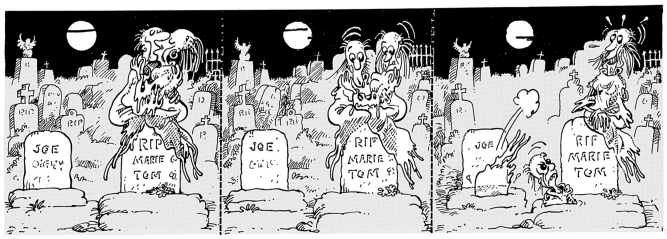
A MAD LOOK AT GHOSTS

WRITER & ARTIST **SERGIO ARAGONÉS**









ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #291, DEC 1989



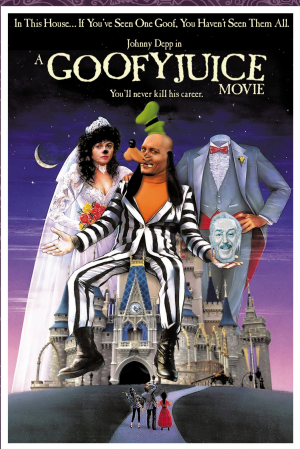
MALICE IN WONDERLAND DEPT.

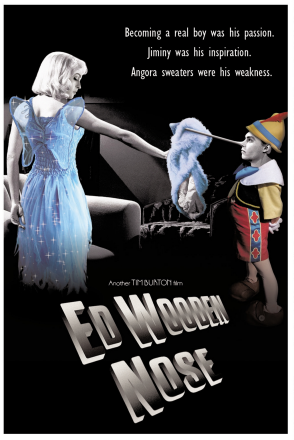
This year's live-action Dumbo flopped right into the uncanny valley, but why stop there? Dizzy and Tim Burton, our favorite corporate-colossus and auteur-hack duo, have created a lineup of mutated material that will haunt your nightmares before and after Christmas...2029. The familiar sounds of "Danny Boy" Elfman's xylophone pipes are calling!

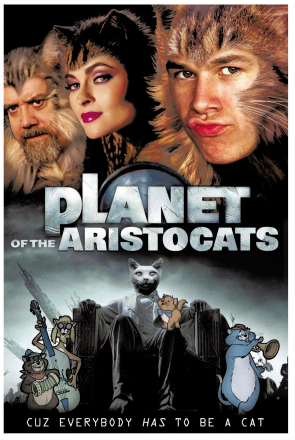
Tim Burton's CGI HORRORS FROM THE Dizzy VAULT

WRITER **GRANT REED** ARTIST **MIKE LOEW**









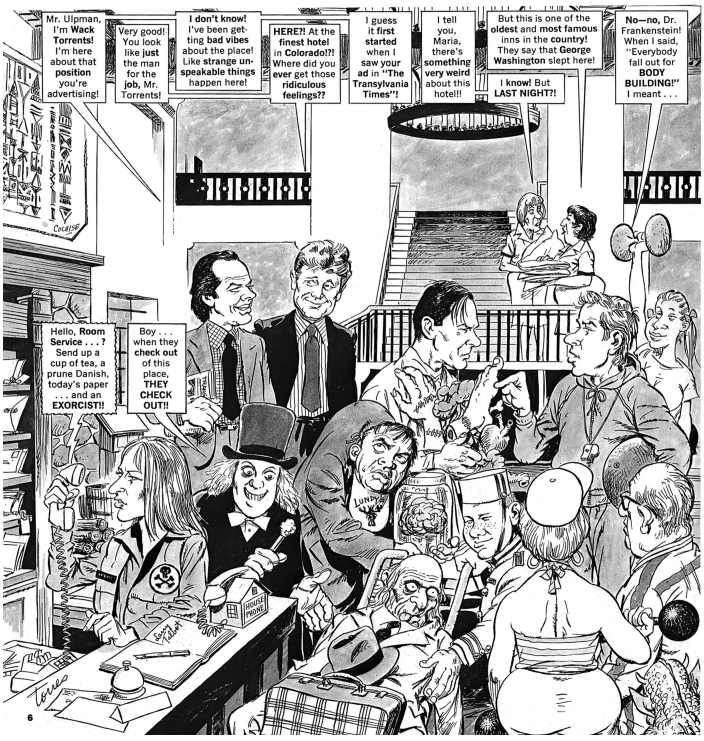


ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN #414 JAN 2015

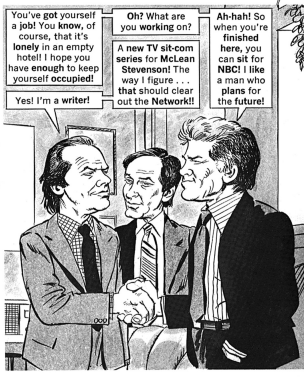
HATCHET JOB DEPT.

A talented writer named Steven King once wrote a terrifying book called "The Shining." Now, a famous Director named Stanley Kubrick has made a movie out of it. Unfortunately, his film has given Mr. King's book, and all the other great horror films of the past, a black eye! Which is why we at MAD call our version:

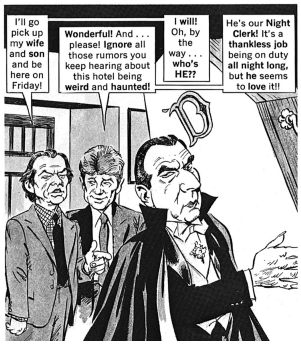
THE SHINER







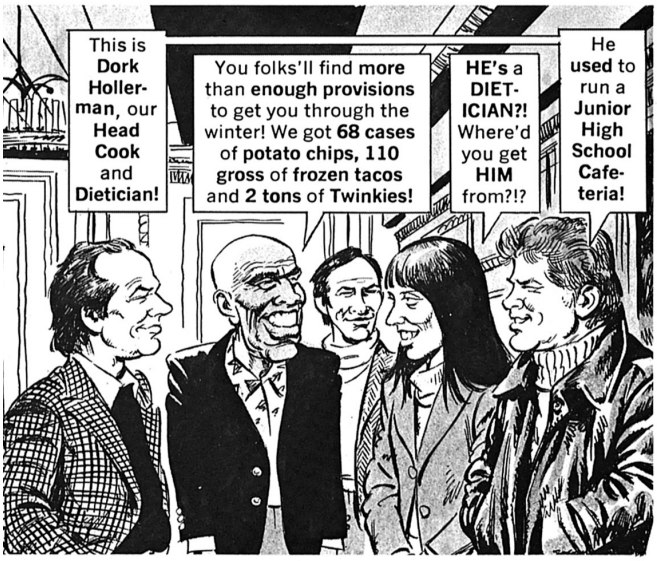
WRITER **LARRY SIEGEL** ARTIST **ANGELO TORRES**

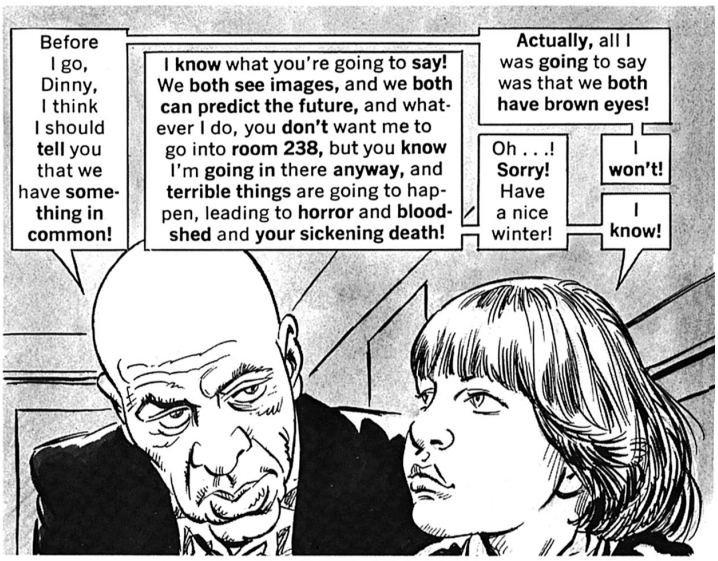


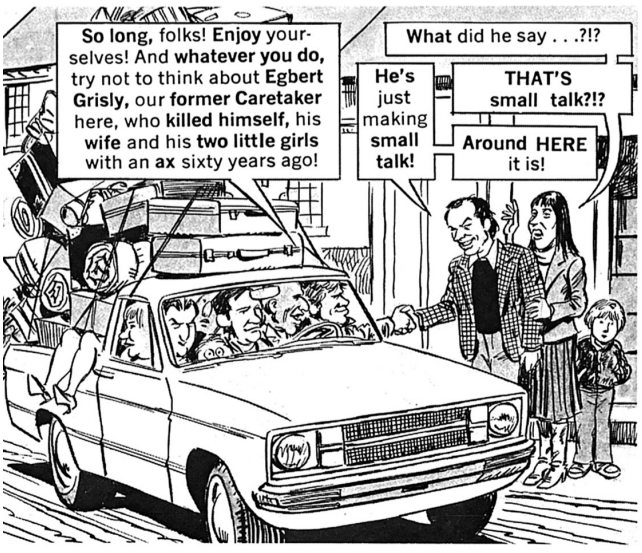



We're gonna have a great time at the hotel, right, Boney . . .?
Right, Dinny!
Windy, I'm a little concerned about that kid! Has he ALWAYS been having those idiotic conversations with his Index Finger?
Not always! Just since YESTERDAY, when he had a fight with his PINKY!
Whew! For a while there, I was really worried!
LET YOUR FINGER DO THE TALKING!!


Hi, folks! You're just in time! We're closing up right now! Remember, I'm leaving $50 million worth of property in your hands . . .!
Who'd believe that anyone would entrust a magnificent hotel to a demented writer with a boring, ugly wife, and a kid who talks to his finger?
The same people who'd believe that a hotel in Colorado would close in winter —and miss the SKI season!


This is Dork Hollerman, our Head Cook and Dietician!
You folks'll find more than enough provisions to get you through the winter! We got 68 cases of potato chips, 110 gross of frozen tacos and 2 tons of Twinkies!
HE's a DIETICIAN?! Where'd you get HIM from?!?
He used to run a Junior High School Cafeteria!

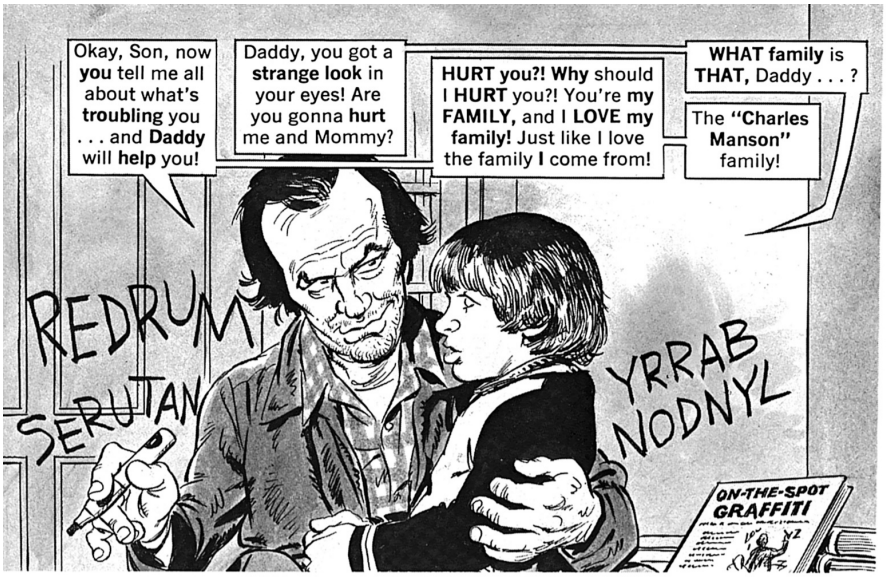

Before I go, Dinny, I think I should tell you that we have something in common!
I know what you're going to say! We both see images, and we both can predict the future, and whatever I do, you don't want me to go into room 238, but you know I'm going in there anyway, and terrible things are going to happen, leading to horror and bloodshed and your sickening death!
Actually, all I was going to say was that we both have brown eyes!
Oh . . .! Sorry! Have a nice winter!
I won't!
I know!

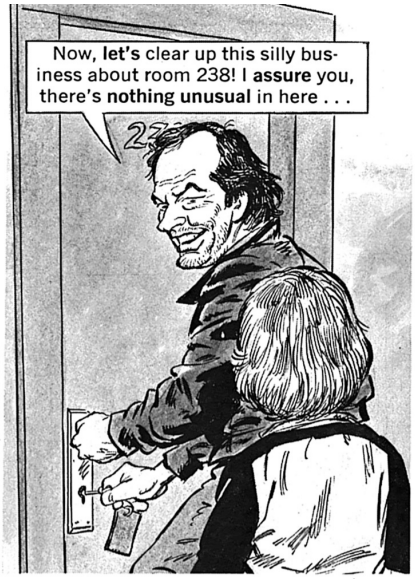

So long, folks! Enjoy yourselves! And whatever you do, try not to think about Egbert Grisly, our former Caretaker here, who killed himself, his wife and his two little girls with an ax sixty years ago!
What did he say . . .?!?
He's just making small talk!
THAT'S small talk?!?
Around HERE it is!

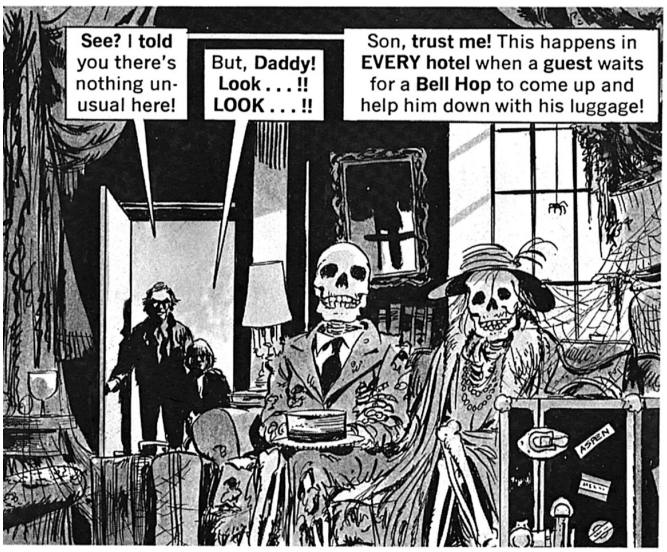

We've been here a month, and things are great! I'm writing a new book, you and Dinny are keeping busy, and we've got the run of the whole hotel!
Wack . . . do you realize we haven't SLEPT TOGETHER since we've been here?!
Yeah! I was looking for you in room 607 last night! Where were you??
In room 693!
Well, at least I'm on the right floor now! Hang in there! I should catch up with you some time in February!

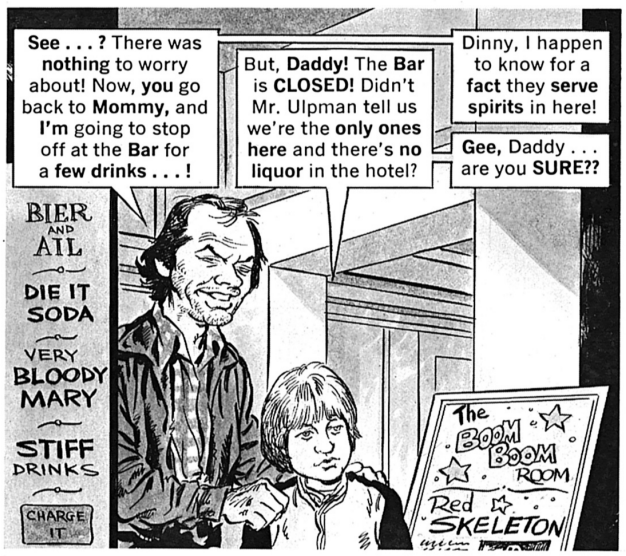



This is some neat thing the hotel built for its guests, huh Dinny?! It's called a "maze"! It's a whole series of maddening, frustrating dead ends that lead nowhere!
Wow! When could I have something like this, Mom?
In about 20 years, dear . . . when you're married!!
Look, Boney! It's room 238— the room that Dork warned me not to go into, remember?!?
There IS no room 238, Dummy! It's just your imagination!!
238
Look! It's the Grisly Sisters— the two girls who were murdered with an axe by their father!!
Don't be silly! They're not real!
DIGIT POWER
Oh, my gosh, Boney! It's a whole ocean of—yech—BLOOD . . . !!
Will you stop worrying! It's fantasy! All this is FANTASY!!
TYPE A
TYPE O-TIS
Look at me! I'm covered with blood! You told me it was all fantasy! I don't understand! I'm just a kid!
Well, what do I know, Schmuck?! I'm just a FINGER!!
Wack . . . there is something I MUST discuss with you that can't wait . . .
Damn it! I told you a million times, don't EVER interrupt me when I'm WRITING! So help me, you interrupt me again when I'm writing and I swear I'll kill you, you miserable stupid horse-faced @#$# twit!
For God's sake, WHAT are you WRITING?!?
A book I'm calling "Everything You Always Wanted To Know About Human Compassion, But Were Afraid To Ask"!!
Mommy! I'm scared! There's something AWFUL and HORRIBLE and DISGUSTING in room 238!!
No, dear! DADDY is in room 236!! But why don't you go in there and talk to him anyway? Go ahead!
DO NOT DISTURB
SCRAM!
BEAT IT!!
GET LOST
KEEP OUT!

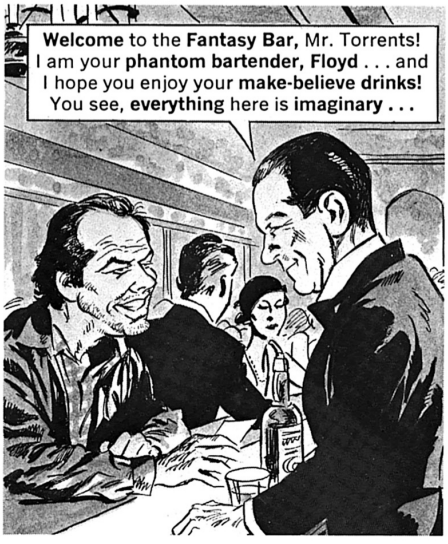

Okay, Son, now **you** tell me all about what's **troubling** you . . . and **Daddy** will **help** you!
Daddy, you got a **strange look** in your eyes! Are you gonna **hurt** me and Mommy?
HURT you?! Why should I **HURT** you?! You're **my FAMILY,** and I **LOVE my family!** Just like I love the family **I** come from!
WHAT family is **THAT,** Daddy . . . ?
The **"Charles Manson"** family!
REDRUM
SERUTAN
YRRAB NODNYL
ON-THE-SPOT GRAFFITI

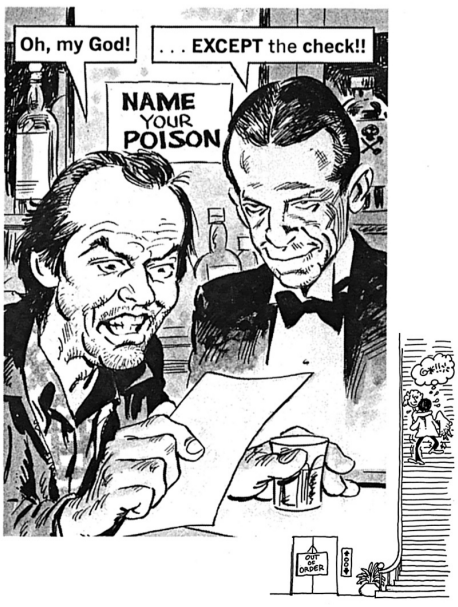

Now, **let's** clear up this silly business about room 238! I **assure** you, there's **nothing unusual** in here . . .


See? I told you there's nothing unusual here!
But, **Daddy! Look . . . !! LOOK . . . !!**
Son, **trust me!** This happens in **EVERY hotel** when a **guest** waits for a **Bell Hop** to come up and help him down with his luggage!
ASPEN


See . . . ? There was **nothing** to worry about! Now, **you** go back to **Mommy,** and **I'm** going to stop off at the **Bar** for a **few drinks . . . !**
But, **Daddy!** The **Bar** is **CLOSED!** Didn't Mr. Ulpman tell us we're the **only ones here** and there's **no liquor** in the hotel?
Dinny, I happen to know for a **fact** they **serve spirits** in here!
Gee, Daddy . . . are you **SURE??**
BIER AND AIL
DIE IT SODA
VERY BLOODY MARY
STIFF DRINKS
CHARGE IT
The BOOM BOOM ROOM
Red SKELETON

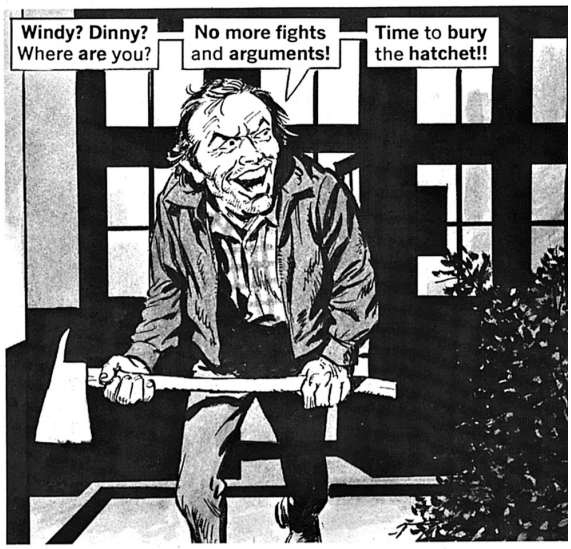

Shweeet Ad—oh—line! My Ad—oh—line . . . !!
Son, **trust me again!!**

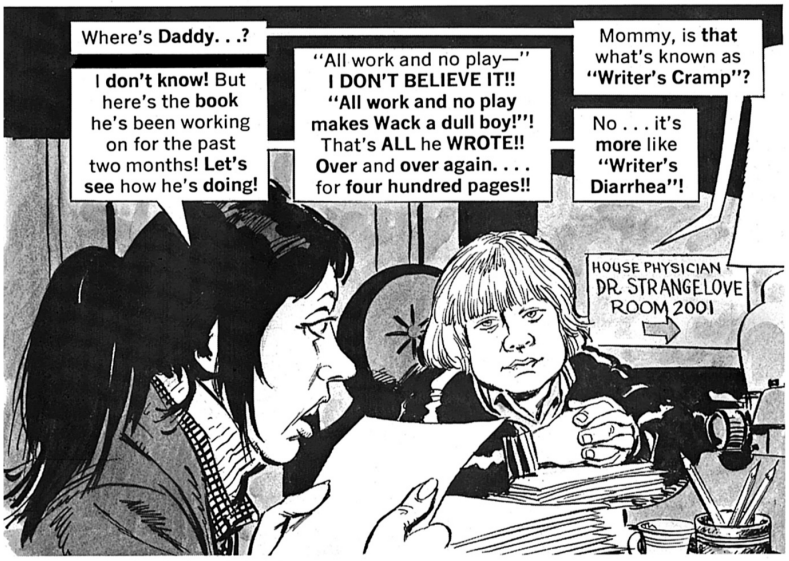

Welcome to the **Fantasy Bar,** Mr. Torrents! I am your **phantom bartender, Floyd** . . . and I hope you enjoy your **make-believe drinks!** You see, **everything** here is **imaginary . . .**


Oh, my God!
. . . **EXCEPT** the **check!!**
NAME YOUR POISON
OUT OF ORDER


ZAP!

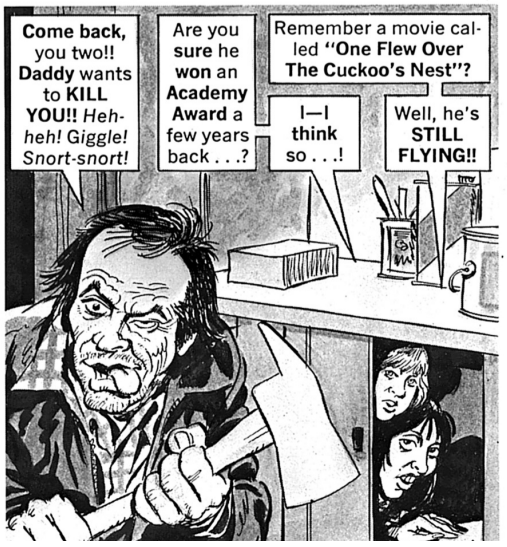

Good evening, Mr. Torrents! I am Egbert Grisly, the former Care-taker here!!
YOU'RE the guy who killed his wife and two kids with an ax 60 years ago!! How could you DO such a vile —yecch—disgusting thing?
Yeah . . . ! They TOLD me that I would rot in Hell!!
Well, I'm glad you learned your less— Wait a minute!! You mean THIS place is HELL?!?

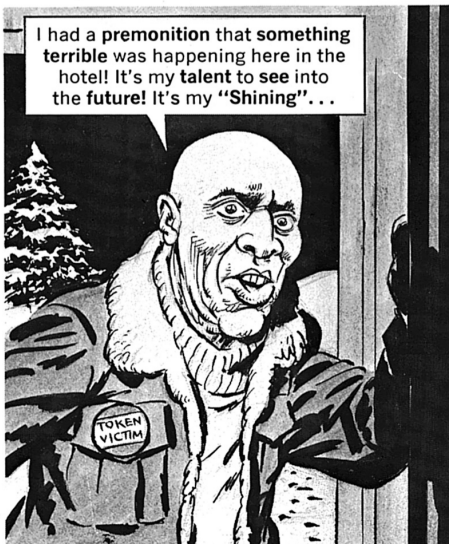

Windy? Dinny? Where are you?
No more fights and arguments!
Time to bury the hatchet!!


Where's Daddy. . .?
I don't know! But here's the book he's been working on for the past two months! Let's see how he's doing!
"All work and no play—" I DON'T BELIEVE IT!! "All work and no play makes Wack a dull boy!"! That's ALL he WROTE!! Over and over again. . . . for four hundred pages!!
Mommy, is that what's known as "Writer's Cramp"?
No . . . it's more like "Writer's Diarrhea"!
HOUSE PHYSICIAN DR. STRANGELOVE ROOM 2001


Mommy!! Why is Daddy coming at us with an AX?!?
I don't think he LIKES us any more, Dinny!
Well, can't he just get a DIVORCE?!?
No, dear . . . that's impossible! He's CATHOLIC! You run! I'll handle him!!

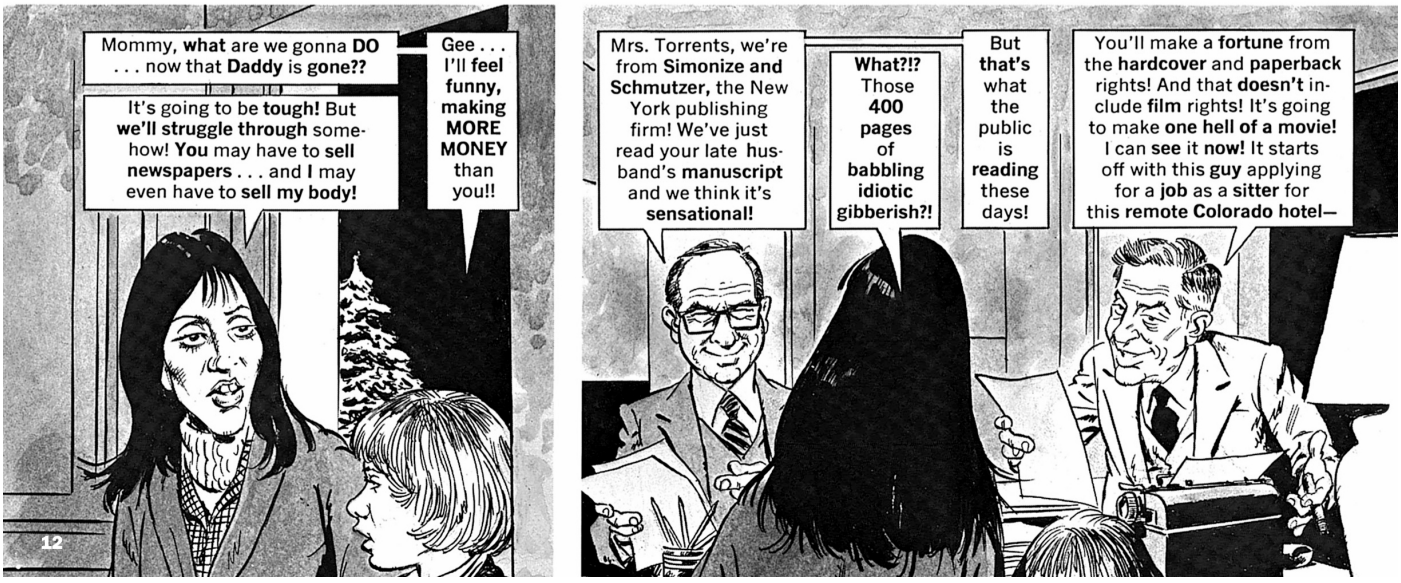

I keep missing! What lousy luck! of all the Baseball Bats in the world, I had to get stuck with a MARV THRONEBERRY model!!


Come back, you two!! Daddy wants to KILL YOU!! Heh-heh! Giggle! Snort-snort!
Are you sure he won an Academy Award a few years back . . .?
Remember a movie called "One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest"?
I—I think so . . .!
Well, he's STILL FLYING!!


I had a premonition that something terrible was happening here in the hotel! It's my talent to see into the future! It's my "Shining". . .
TOKEN VICTIM



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #221, MAR 1981



THIS OLD HAUNTED HOUSE DEPT.

Whatever the age or condition of a house, homeowners will inevitably encounter common problems with their property — things like demon possession, walls dripping blood and dry rot. (Damn that dry rot!) We invite stumped do-it-yourselfers to turn off the House and Garden Channel and submit your questions to our expert…



MR. FIX-IT Tackles your Occult and Paranormal Home Repair Problems

WRITER P.C. VEY ARTIST JAMES WARHOLA

Dear Mr. Fix-It —

My wife and I are planning to paint the interior of our home. It's a simple job with only one major problem that I can foresee. We keep my grandmother, who is possessed by demons, in one of the upstairs bedrooms. The furniture and my grandmother are constantly flying all over the room, banging into the walls and making a real racket. Also, she constantly spits up all kinds of smelly snot and pus leaving an awful residue on the walls and ceiling. Is there a safe way to paint in such an environment? If so, do you think two coats will be enough? I have enclosed a picture of the smelly snot and pus.

Signed,
Covered in Smelly Snot and Pus



Dear Covered in Smelly Snot and Pus —

Two coats of paint is definitely not enough. Always start with a primer, an undercoat, then two additional coats. In your case I think an oil base paint will have more durability and resist the bodily secretions and potential scuff marks from flying furniture you describe. You are wise to be concerned with safety, as should anyone tackling a home improvement project. You should wear an industrial grade hard hat that meets OSHA requirements. A good pair of ear protectors with a noise reduction rating (NRR) of at least 20 will help drown out most of the ungodly noises and racket. In this situation, you may also want to wear a large Crucifix, especially when working on a ladder.

All The Best, *Mr. Fix-It*

Dear Mr. Fix-It —

My summer house is built over an ancient Indian burial ground. I can put up with the occasional wobbling staircase, moving furniture and nightly wailing of the desecrated spirits, but recently a thick, black, foul-smelling substance has been oozing up through my drains and out of the faucets. You can imagine how hard it is to use the kitchen or bathroom. I've had to cancel several dinner parties as a result. To top it off, the local repair people are all Native Americans and refuse to help me fix the problem. Please find enclosed a snapshot of some of the sludge. I've collected it in one of our wine glasses so as not to have it appear as disgusting as it really is.

Signed, *Baffled in the Country*



Dear Baffled in the Country —

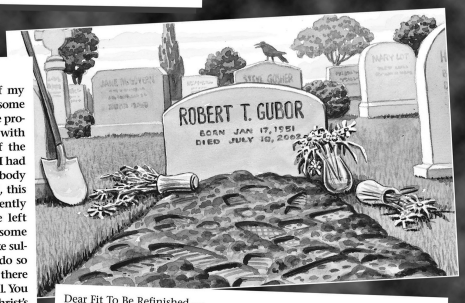
Yours is a common problem. Have a sample of the sludge checked to see if it is merely a backed-up septic tank or the decomposed, violated remains of once-proud indigenous peoples. If it is a septic backup, calling a professional septic tank cleaning service is your easiest solution. Come to think of it, if the sludge is Indian remains, call in the septic tank cleaning service too. That's your name on the deed and you can do with your property whatever you want.

All The Best, *Mr. Fix-It*

Dear Mr. Fix-It —

I recently volunteered the use of my brand new home for a séance with some close friends. Halfway through the proceeding, we actually made contact with the deceased husband of one of the women there. Somehow he knew I had been boinking his wife while his body was still warm in the grave. Well, this guy went medieval all over my recently refinished hardwood floors. He left scrapes, scratches, gouges and some kind of burn marks that smell like sulfur. I don't know how he could do so much damage, since he was barely there being from the spirit world and all. You could see right through him, for Christ's sake! Anyway, the estimate for repair and refinishing was through the roof, which is where my blood pressure is quickly going. Is there a cheap and easy way I can do the job myself? I've enclosed a picture of the guy's grave just to show you he's really dead.

Signed, *Fit To Be Refinished*



Dear Fit To Be Refinished —

Never do things the cheap and easy way. But if you must, a sanding machine can be easily rented at any large hardware or home supply store. Sand with rough (#8), then medium (#12), then fine grit (#15) pads in that order. There should be no problems except for one: rented sanding machines are easily possessed by the spirits of irate dead husbands, or at least behave that way. Make sure whomever conducted the séance properly banished the spirit from your premises, and allow for adequate ventilation in the sanding area. If you plan on having more séances there, consider carpeting.

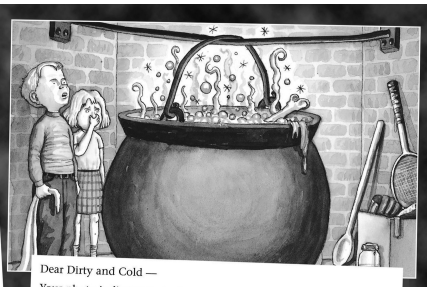
All The Best, *Mr. Fix-It*

MR. FIX-IT Tackles your Occult and Paranormal Home Repair Problems

Dear Mr. Fix-It —

It was only after I had closed on my house and moved in that I discovered the hot water heater only works on the witches' sabbath. Since, I'm told, there's only a few of them a year, I fear I might have a lifetime of very few showers and dishwashing opportunities. I'm not particularly concerned about the showers, but my dishes were inherited from my mother and have great sentimental value. I just hate to see them gather so much crusty old food. Is there a way to coax the witches to come to my basement more frequently? I've enclosed a photo of the hot water heater.

Signed, *Dirty and Cold*



Dear Dirty and Cold —

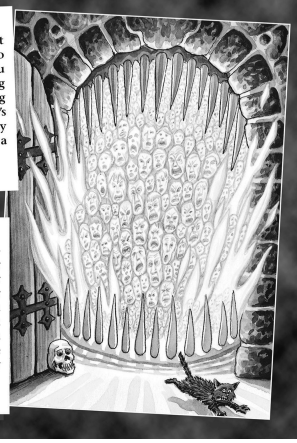
Your photo indicates that what you have there is a good old-fashioned cauldron and not a hot water heater at all. I'm guessing you're a first-time homeowner. These days cauldrons are hard to come by and yours looks like it's 100% cast iron. The proper care and maintenance of a cauldron is very time consuming and expensive and could be dangerous if you don't know what you're doing. I suggest you take it to Sears to their Wiccan-goods department and trade it in for a 45 gallon electric water heater — one that isn't filled with newt's eyes and bat's blood. Sears was doing that for a while until the FTC cracked down.

All The Best, *Mr. Fix-It*

Dear Mr. Fix-It —

While repairing some water damage in the basement I found what appeared to be the doorway to Hell. At first I thought it was a door to a root cellar or something, but when I opened the thing...well, you wouldn't believe it! I came face to face with all the pain and suffering of the eternally damned; weeping and gnashing of teeth, a burning agony like I've never seen in my entire life. I'd like to know if there's any way of harnessing some of that energy and directing it into my home heating system? If I can do this I think I might be able to save a bundle on fuel costs this winter. I've enclosed a photo of the door.

Signed, *Soon To Be Toasty Warm*



Dear Soon To Be Toasty Warm —

In this era of soaring energy costs and a growing conservation movement, yours is an excellent idea. If you have central heating, the answer may be as simple as running a flexible aluminum heating duct from your newly-found Portal to Hades directly into your system's heat exchanger where it can flow to the vents located throughout your home. If your system is electrically-fired, a solar panel could conceivably convert the energy from the flames licking at the flesh of the everlastingly tormented souls into a virtually inexhaustible supply of usable current. By the way, I think the government offers some substantial tax breaks for those who not only save energy, but use alternative energy sources wisely.

All The Best, *Mr. Fix-It*



Dear Mr. Fix-It —

I think my house might be alive. I can't tell for sure, but whenever I hammer a nail into the wall, I hear a moaning sound or sometimes a whimper. Can this be possible? I've sent along a photo of the house taken last spring after a new paint job.

Signed, Scared Property Owner

Dear Scared Property Owner —

One sure way to tell if your house is alive is to plant a series of plastic explosives at all the major supporting beams and then set them off. If you hear a real loud yell, then your house was alive. If you decide to rebuild, I suggest you use lumber pressure treated with chromated copper arsenate, as nothing can live through the treating process. But just to make sure, drill holes into all the tender joints. If you hear no complaints, simply fill the holes with construction grade wood putty, let dry, then sand as necessary.

All The Best, *Mr. Fix-It*

Dear Mr. Fix-It —

My leaf blower is haunted by the ghost of its previous owner. Since I live in an apartment in the middle of a large city, one would think I have no need for a leaf blower, which is true, but it's haunted nonetheless. Whenever I flip the "on" switch a light flashes on the side panel. I'm sure this is being done by the specter of the previous owner because his widow, who I bought the thing from, told me he died as a result of leaf inhalation. So who else could be haunting it? Two more signs it's haunted: besides making an ear-shattering noise when in use, it also flies around the room knocking over and breaking things. Enclosed find a Polaroid of my leaf-free apartment.

Signed, *Leafless*



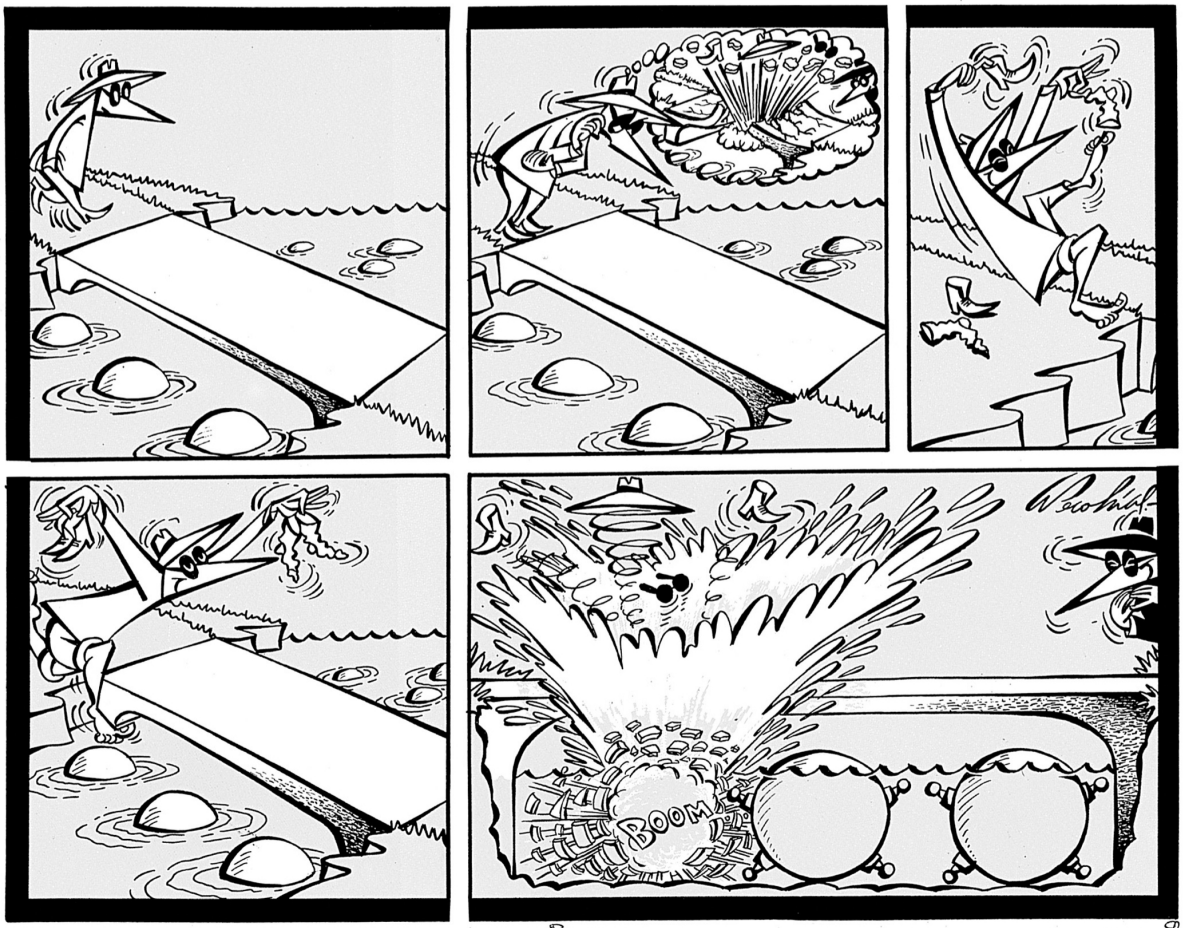
Dear Leafless—

Have you checked the manual? Sometimes a flashing light indicates the leaf blower is "on," which may explain why it only happens when you turn the unit "on." Placing the blower in a magic circle composed of dirty, dry, dead leaves may eliminate the phantom apparition, but I assure you, this being a leaf blower, the ear-shattering noise and flying around the room will continue.

All The Best, *Mr. Fix-It*

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #419 (JUL 2002)





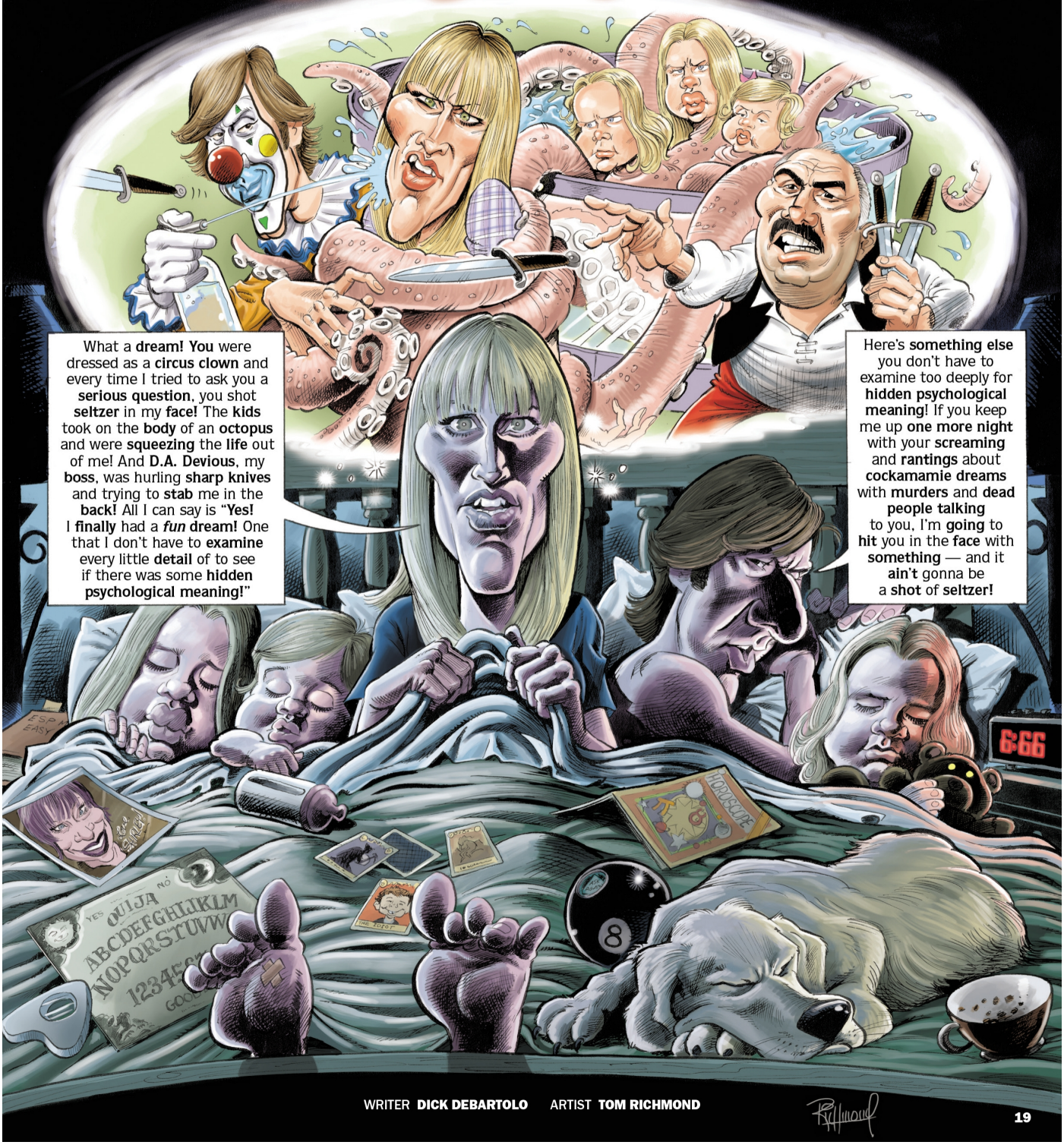
WRITER & ARTIST **ANTONIO PROHIAS**

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #92, JAN 1965

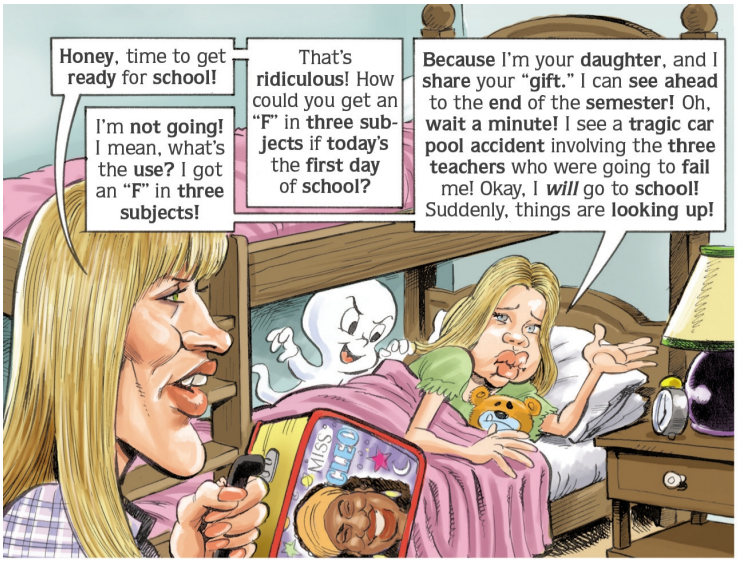
THE PSYCHIC PLOTLINE DEPT.

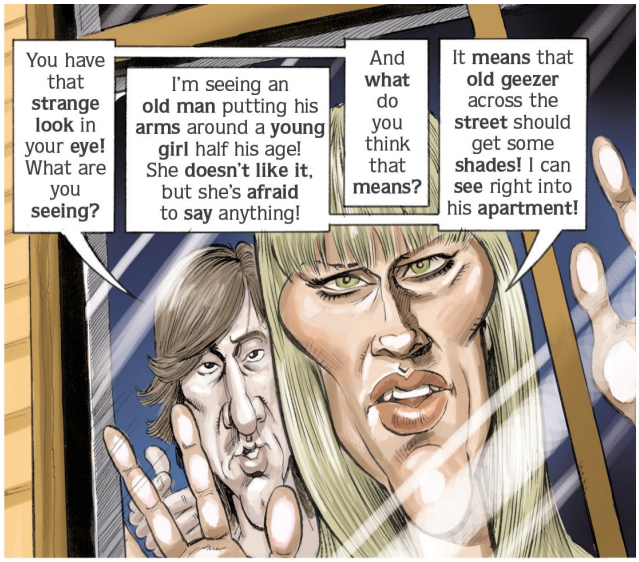
What if *you* could see into the future? What if *you* had the same gift of clairvoyance that's been bestowed on the housewife, and even her children, in a new NBC series? You would be lucky indeed, because then you would know instinctively *not to watch*, because it's pure...

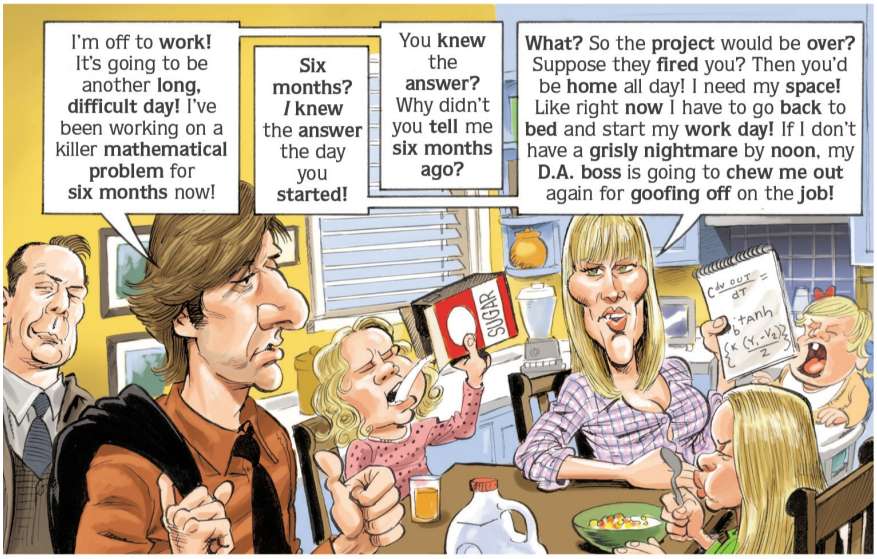
TEDIUM

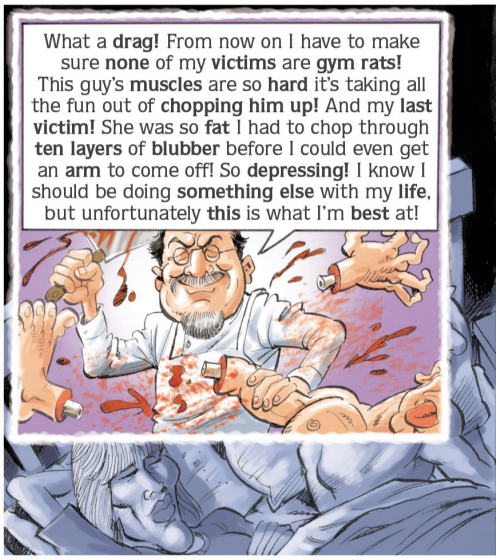


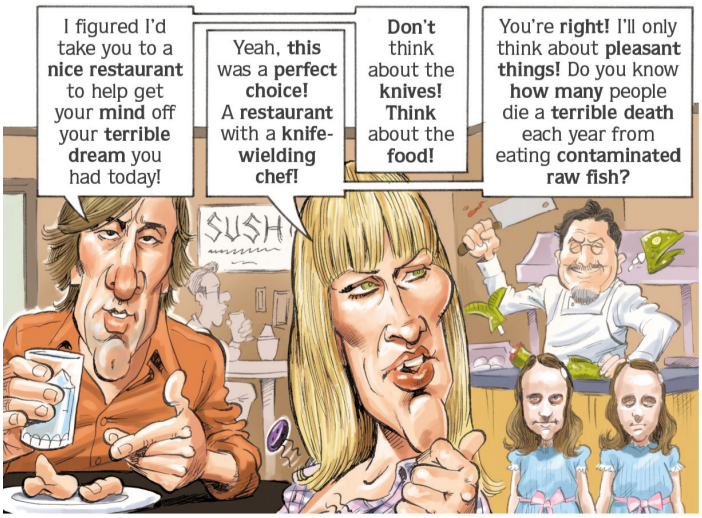
WRITER **DICK DEBARTOLO** ARTIST **TOM RICHMOND**


Honey, time to get ready for school!
I'm not going! I mean, what's the use? I got an "F" in three subjects!
That's ridiculous! How could you get an "F" in three subjects if today's the first day of school?
Because I'm your daughter, and I share your "gift." I can see ahead to the end of the semester! Oh, wait a minute! I see a tragic car pool accident involving the three teachers who were going to fail me! Okay, I will go to school! Suddenly, things are looking up!


You have that strange look in your eye! What are you seeing?
I'm seeing an old man putting his arms around a young girl half his age! She doesn't like it, but she's afraid to say anything!
And what do you think that means?
It means that old geezer across the street should get some shades! I can see right into his apartment!


I'm off to work! It's going to be another long, difficult day! I've been working on a killer mathematical problem for six months now!
Six months? I knew the answer the day you started!
You knew the answer? Why didn't you tell me six months ago?
What? So the project would be over? Suppose they fired you? Then you'd be home all day! I need my space! Like right now I have to go back to bed and start my work day! If I don't have a grisly nightmare by noon, my D.A. boss is going to chew me out again for goofing off on the job!


What a drag! From now on I have to make sure none of my victims are gym rats! This guy's muscles are so hard it's taking all the fun out of chopping him up! And my last victim! She was so fat I had to chop through ten layers of blubber before I could even get an arm to come off! So depressing! I know I should be doing something else with my life, but unfortunately this is what I'm best at!


I figured I'd take you to a nice restaurant to help get your mind off your terrible dream you had today!
Yeah, this was a perfect choice! A restaurant with a knife-wielding chef!
Don't think about the knives! Think about the food!
You're right! I'll only think about pleasant things! Do you know how many people die a terrible death each year from eating contaminated raw fish?
SUSHI


Look! That chef! He looks exactly like the murderer in my dream!


See! He just cut that lady's head off!
He cut that lady's head off because you startled him! I only thank God we're not at a circumcision!





The **food's** pretty **good!** But there's **something** about the place that **spooks** me! It might have **something** to do with the rash of **body parts** that are **showing up** there!

What's the **name** of the **restaurant?**

I don't even **know that!** My **husband** took me there as a **surprise!** It's on the corner of **Oak** and **Crabtree!** But I have a **gut feeling** there's some sort of **hidden secret** there!

I **know** that **place!** It's called **The Hidden Secret Restaurant!**

I've got to go **back there** for **another look!** Because **everywhere** I turn I see **subtle signs** that **remind me** of the **chef's face!**

SERIAL KILLERS WEEKLY

I can't get that **chef** out of my **mind!** I went **back there** today! I ordered food **to go** so I could get a **good look** at him again!

Still think **he's** the one in your **dream?**

I **think** so! If only I had some **small sign** that I'm heading in the **right direction!**

Mommy, dinner was **delicious!** Are there any more **toes?**

I ate them **all**, but there are plenty of **fingers** left!

Boo!

I can't **believe** I let you talk me into **poking around** this **restaurant's basement** because **you** had a **dream!**

What are you two **doing** down here?

Er, looking for a **1955 Romanee Conti!** It's a **classic!**

There's no **wine** here — we don't have a **liquor license!**

Did I say **wine?** I **meant** a **1955 Coca Cola! Great year** for **Coke!** Rich, fizzy, before it went **Classic!**

I got a **wild hunch** you're down here to **spy** on **me!**

I had a **vision** of your **dead father** and he **told** me...

...about the **millions of dollars** that were **never recovered** from the **heist** he pulled **35 years ago** and **hid** in this **cellar?**

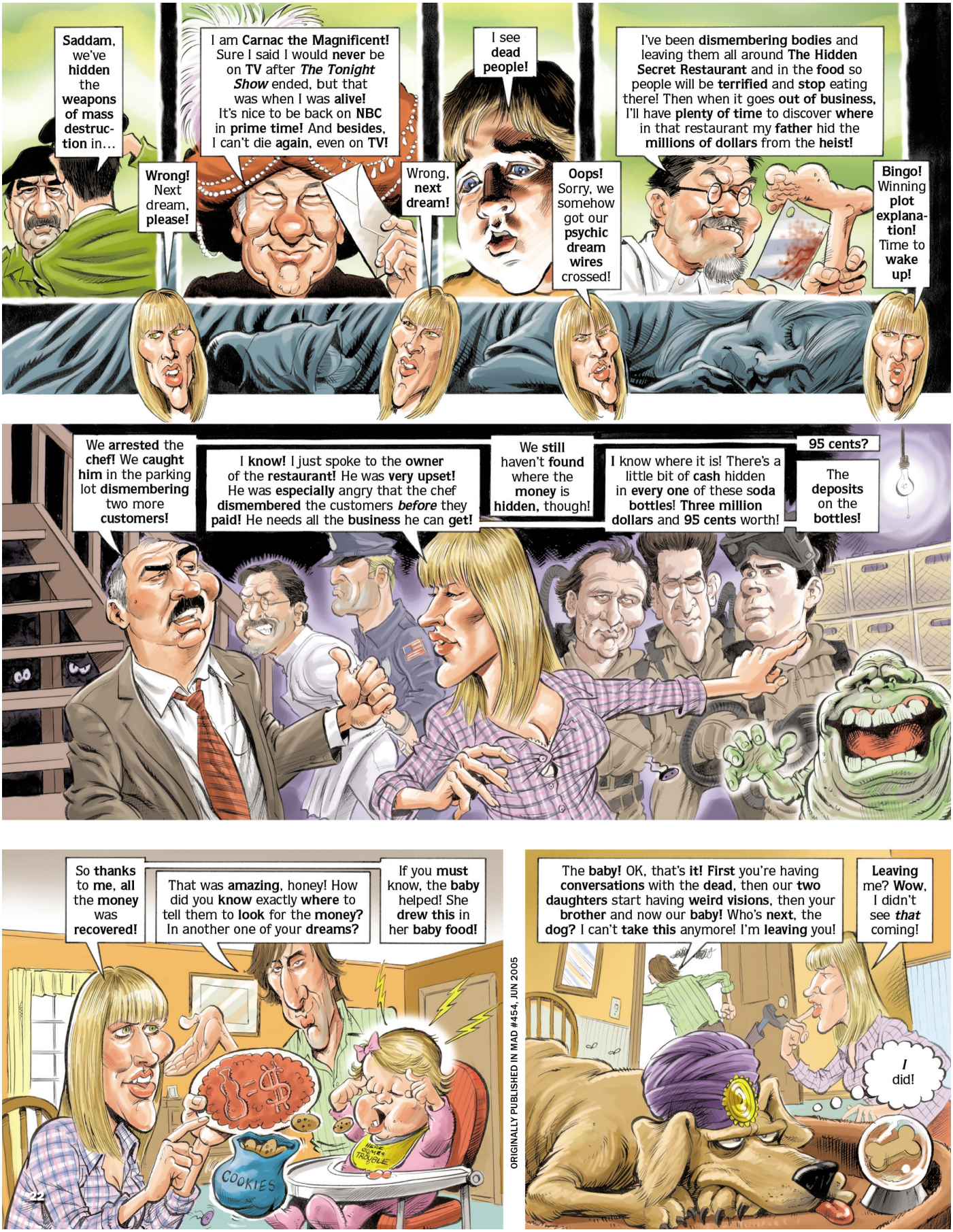
Well...**no**...he didn't say **anything** about a **heist** and **millions of dollars!** But the **hell** with my **vision**, let's go with **that!**

I'm going to get a **search warrant** and come back here and **dig up** the place!

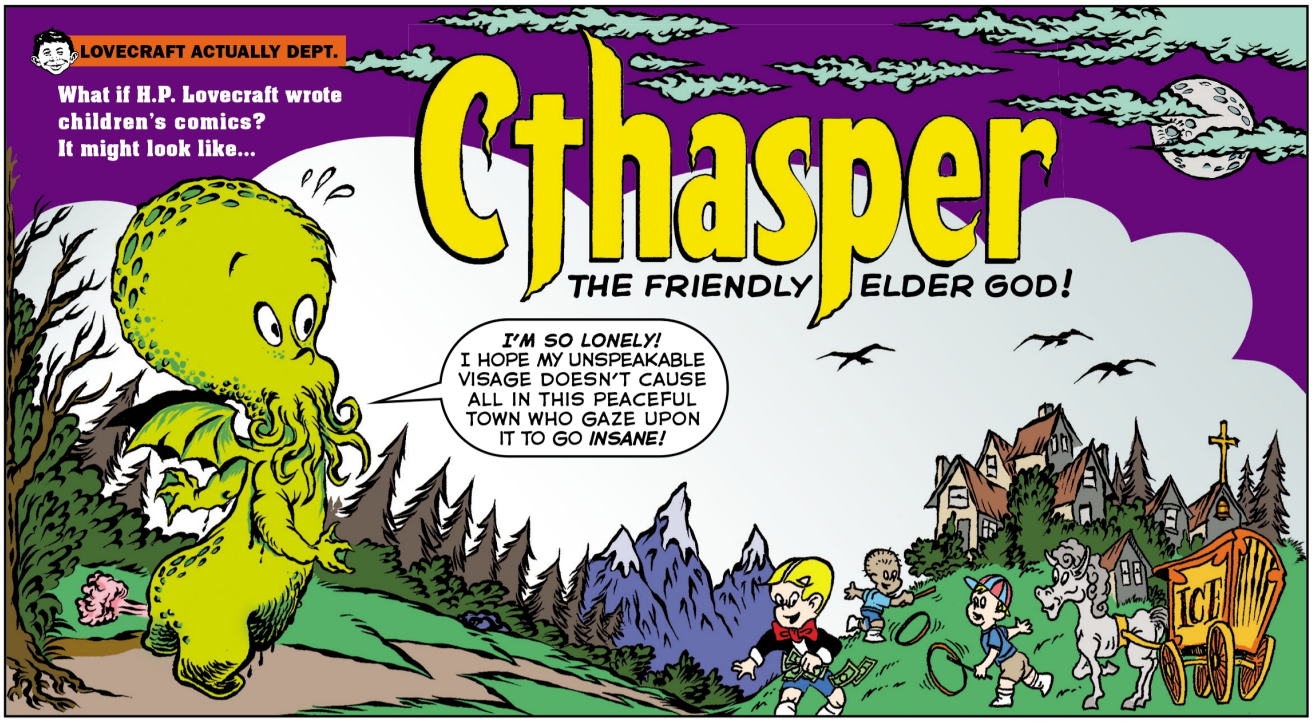
I'll go home to **bed** and try to have a **dream** that might **help** us!

OK, but set an **alarm clock!** Every time you **oversleep**, it costs my office a **fortune** in **overtime pay** for you!

DELIVERIES



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #454, JUN 2005

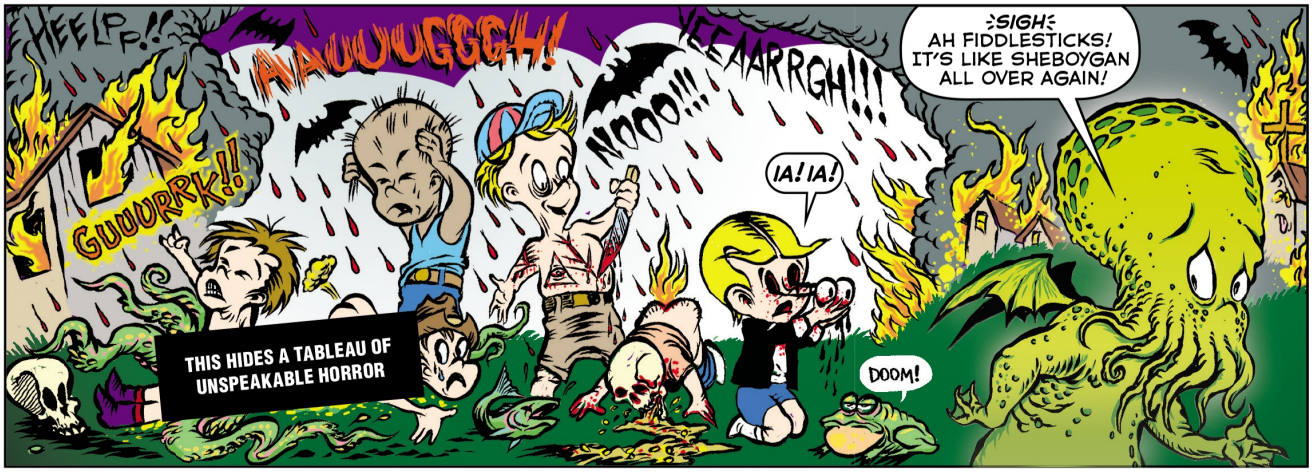


ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #4, DEC 2018







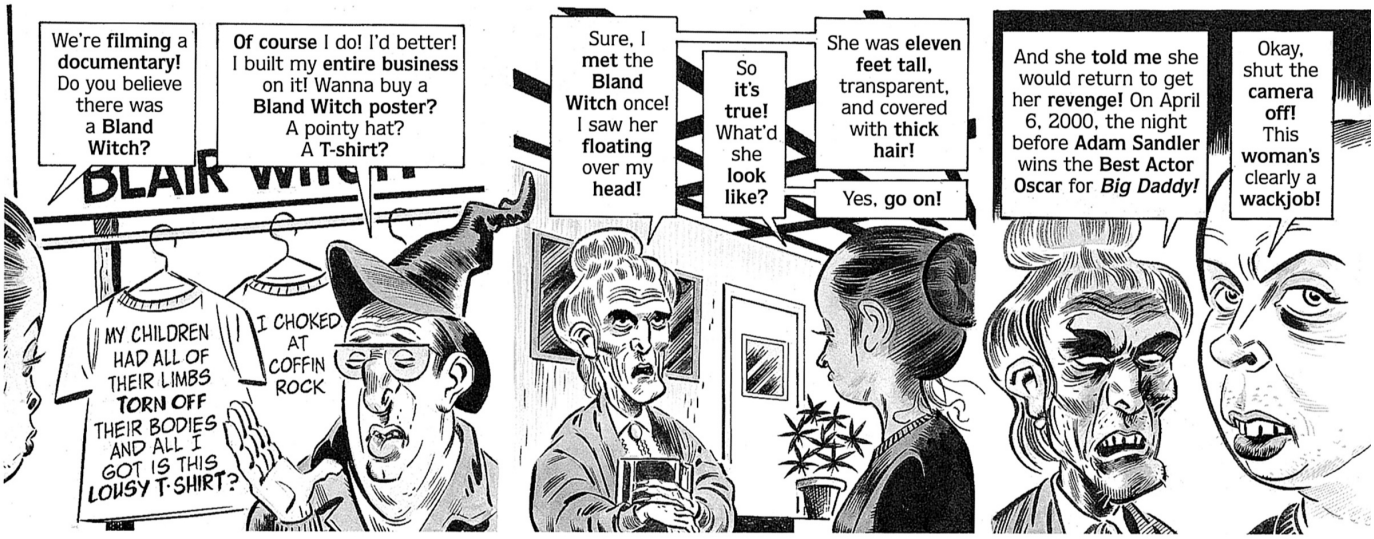


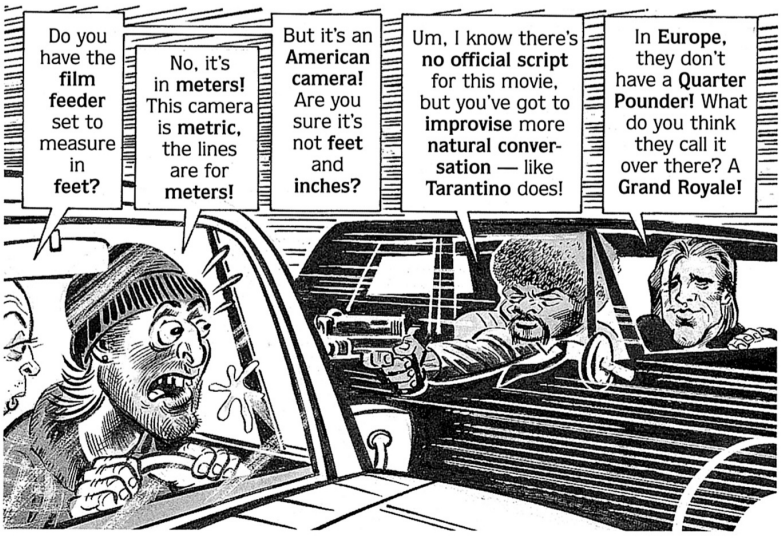
WRITER **PETER-JOHN BYRNES** ARTIST **NICK "THE HAT" GUCKER**

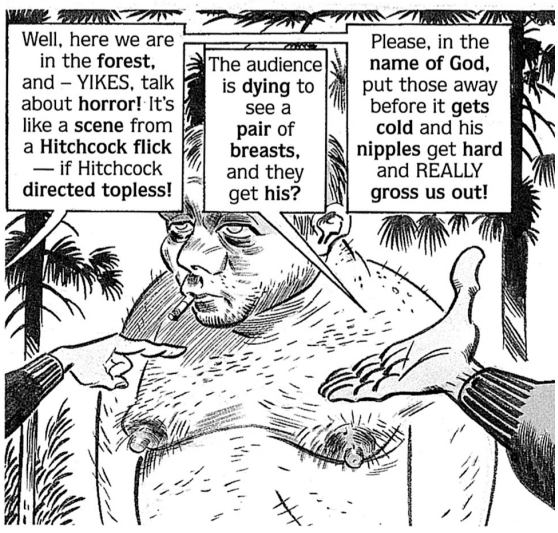

NOTHIN' SAYS LOVIN' LIKE SOMETHING FROM THE COVEN DEPT.
Recently, we gave four blank pages to two idiots. They planned to use the four pages to create a hysterically funny movie parody.
However, things did not go as planned. This is all that remains.
THE BLAND WITCH PROJECT
I'm Heifer! I want to escape the woods, and I want to somehow survive this horror! But what I really want is to direct! I have a vision! So what if that vision is blurry and shakes all over the place? As you'll see, I like to film the exact same stuff over again and again — so I'm already as good a director as Spike Lee! The only trouble is, what happens to me in this movie is the ULTIMATE one-picture deal! Forget about any sequels!
I'm Squash, and I came here to answer a mysterious question! And no, that question is NOT "Hey, aren't you the guy who used to be in the Spin Doctors?" A lot of things that happen in this movie get me angry! But what pisses me off most of all is something that doesn't happen! I'm the only long-haired dude in the history of horror movies who DOESN'T get laid moments before he gets killed!
I'm Meatball! I wear a snug, form-fitting outfit throughout the movie! Unfortunately, it's a poncho! I'm the voice of reason who raises some troubling issues about this whole project! However, I wait until we're in the middle of a freakin' forest to raise those issues! Okay, so my timing's a tad off! When we get back to civilization, I might buy some Microsoft stock — I have a feeling it could be worth something someday!
I'm Heifer again! Since there's only a grand total of three characters in this whole damn movie, it's tough for MAD to fill out this intro panel! So, how do you like this caricature of me from a different angle? Neat, huh?
Hi, I'm Myluck and this is Saycheez! We're the directors of this "documentary"! We sent our actors into the woods without a script, and made them do all the filming work! To create the realistic feel of this movie, we made our actors sleep in dirt, fall into cold water, eat buggy food, go without sleep and freeze their asses off! We originally got the idea while we were head counselors at summer camp!
Hi, I'm Calista Flockhart! I came to learn some diet tips from those spooky wooden stick men that are all over the forest! I'm so envious of them! No matter how carefully I eat, I just can't get below a 12-inch waist!
WRITER DESMOND DEVLIN ARTIST BILL WRAY


We're packing so much **battery power,** we could light up a whole town! Boy, have we got **big ol' batteries!** Batteries, **batteries, batteries!**
Um, this is a **three-person crew!** We ALL know what **equipment** we've got! Why're you making such a **big deal?**
So the audience won't **suddenly wonder** why we ran out of **food, water,** and **everything else,** but managed to keep that **damn camera going 24-7!**
DIE HARD


"In 1882, a **man** known only as **'G. Harb'** kidnapped 12 children! He **tied them up,** put **apples** in their **mouths** and brought them down to his **basement!** He took the **ax** he found **embedded** in his **father's tombstone..."**
Oh my God, **what** could possibly be **more frightening?**
Oh, gee, I dunno... how about **spending nine bucks** for a movie and **not seeing that,** or anything else, **happen!**
SOON TO BE WAL-MART
WOO!!

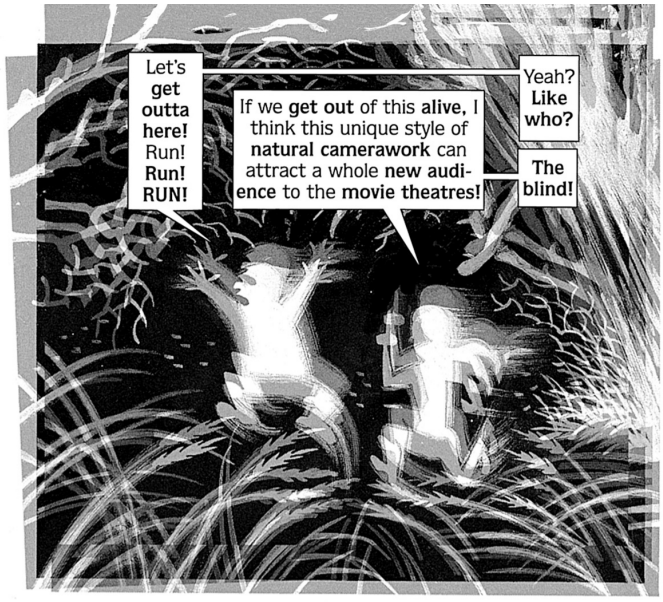

We're **filming** a **documentary!** Do you believe there was a **Bland Witch?**
Of course I do! I'd better! I built my **entire business** on it! Wanna buy a **Bland Witch poster?** A pointy hat? A **T-shirt?**
MY CHILDREN HAD ALL OF THEIR LIMBS **TORN OFF** THEIR BODIES AND ALL I GOT IS THIS **LOUSY T-SHIRT?**
I CHOKED AT COFFIN ROCK
Sure, I **met** the **Bland Witch** once! I saw her **floating** over my **head!**
So **it's true!** What'd she **look like?**
She was **eleven feet tall,** transparent, and covered with **thick hair!**
Yes, **go on!**
And she **told me** she would return to get her **revenge!** On April 6, 2000, the night before **Adam Sandler** wins the **Best Actor Oscar** for ***Big Daddy!***
Okay, shut the **camera off!** This **woman's** clearly a **wackjob!**

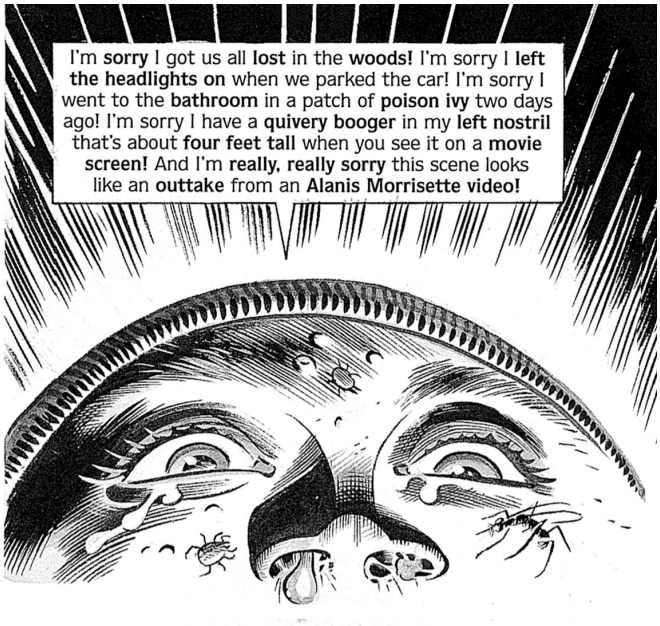

Do you have the **film feeder** set to measure in **feet?**
No, it's in **meters!** This camera is **metric,** the lines are for **meters!**
But it's an **American camera!** Are you sure it's not **feet** and **inches?**
Um, I know there's **no official script** for this movie, but you've got to **improvise** more **natural conversation** — like **Tarantino** does!
In **Europe,** they don't have a **Quarter Pounder!** What do you think they call it over there? A **Grand Royale!**


Well, here we are in the **forest,** and – YIKES, talk about **horror!** It's like a **scene** from a **Hitchcock flick** — if Hitchcock **directed topless!**
The audience is **dying** to see a **pair** of **breasts,** and they get **his?**
Please, in the **name of God,** put those away before it **gets cold** and his **nipples** get **hard** and REALLY **gross us out!**

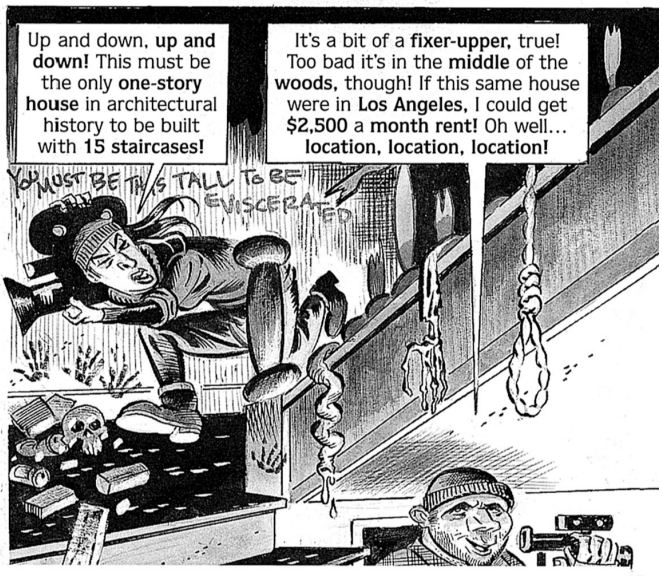

COMPLAINTS
1910 20 1930 1950 80 90
1940 60 70


Oh no! Look at that pile of four rocks! And that other pile of five rocks! And those six rocks! Seven! Seven rocks! Ah, ah, ah, seven rocks!
One of these piles is not like the other!
I've got the sinking feeling we're being stalked by Big Bird and Grover!
HOOOOTWA
Did you hear that? More weird sounds!
Sorry, guys! That's because I ate a whole bag of double-puff marshmallows!
AATOOOOTWA
What do you mean, the map is GONE? We're completely lost without it! How could you be so stupid as to get rid of our map?
Hey, you should've packed more than two days' worth of toilet paper!
STAB!
HIT!
WAK!
PUNCH!
Oh God, I'm so frightened! This can't be happening! This can't be happening!
Who the hell are you?
I'm Jan de Bont, director of The Haunting! We spent 120 million dollars on our living, breathing house of ghosts! And you guys kick our asses at the multiplexes by hanging a bunch of sticks in trees! No! NOOOoooo!!!
OH SAY CAN YOU SEE, BY THE DAWN'S EARLY LIGHT!
You guys can stop singing any time! What's the point? Who's it going to help?
The producers! They don't have to pay anybody to include songs that are in the public domain!
Oh really? In that case — ROW, ROW, ROW YOUR BOAT, GENTLY DOWN THE STREAM!
Man, could the producers possibly get any cheaper...?
...Whoa! I'm sorry I asked!
Everybody's been dumb enough sometime in their lives to shoot with the lens cap on! But until now, nobody's been dumb enough to pay to see it!
Hey, the directors of this movie are like us! They know how guys think! This scene gives guys in the audience a chance to pretend to be scared and grab some of their dates' parts, with plausible deniability!
Squash is gone! And inside these sticks is – ULLLP! I think I'm going to throw up!
A lot of people out there are ready to join you, after an hour of this jerky, out-of-focus camerawork!
I'm not sick because of the cinematography, you dummy! Open your eyes! Somebody left Squash's bloody teeth right outside our tent last night!
Try to look on the bright side! No cavities!

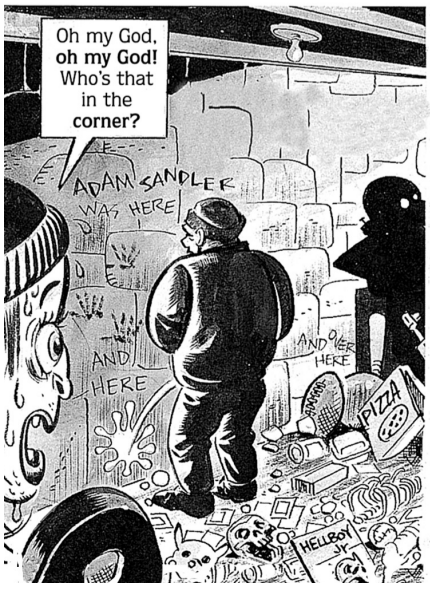


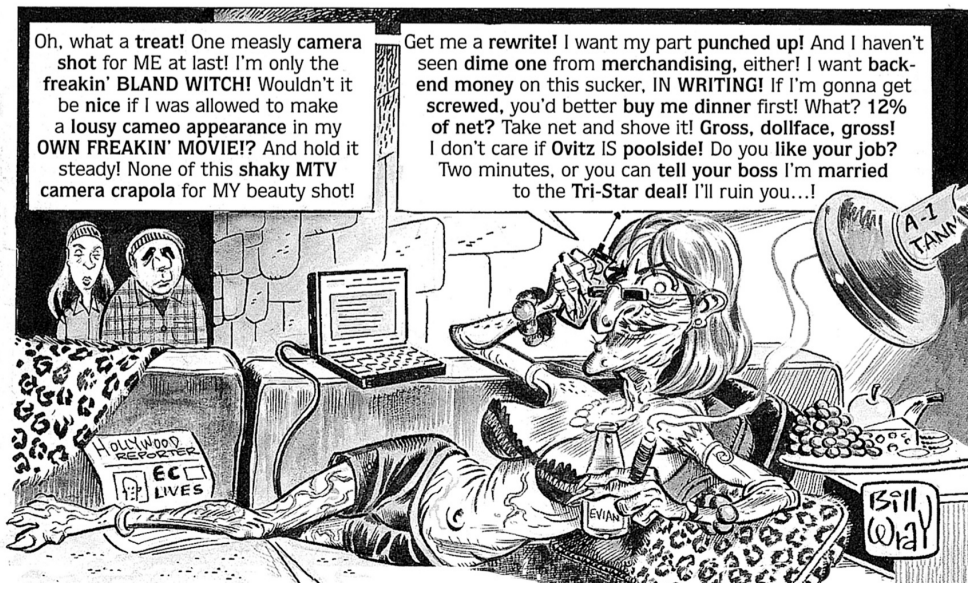






ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #387, NOV 1999





HIGH FRUCT-DOSE DEPT.

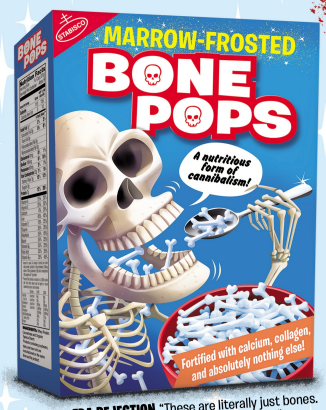
Remember the good old days of spooky breakfast kibble like Count Chocula and Franken Berry? Back when cereal was 100 percent sugar, dental work was affordable, and your free toothbrush at the dentist came with a little bottle of laudanum? Those days (and teeth) may be long gone, but what's important is that you've refused to move on. With that in mind, we've dug up some old…

REJECTED MUNSTER CEREALS

WRITER **JEFF KRUSE** ARTIST **DEAN MACADAM**



FDA REJECTION "High probability of children choking on/being cursed by free toys."



FDA REJECTION "These are literally just bones. Manufacturer is not even trying."



FDA REJECTION "Even in our dimly lit offices, the box screamed when we opened it."



FDA REJECTION "All FDA testers mysteriously found naked and dead."



FDA REJECTION "Found to have more than double the amount of rat feces allowed."



FDA REJECTION "Marshmallow brown recluses full of real spider eggs."



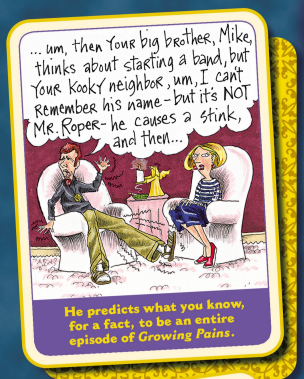
FDA REJECTION "Results in *outer demons* in the bathroom, if you know what we mean."

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #4, DEC 2016

SEER SUCKERS DEPT.

When picking a psychic, you have to be careful. If you rush into things, you might end up with a phoney baloney fortune teller that's completely full of crap! But if you do your research, you'll wind up with a phoney baloney fortune teller who's just *mostly* full of crap! It's a delicate science to pick the frauds from the superfrauds, and MAD is happy to provide these:

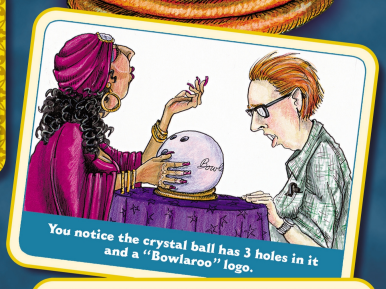
TELL-TALE SIGNS THAT YOU'VE GOT A REALLY BAD PSYCHIC



He predicts what you know, for a fact, to be an entire episode of *Growing Pains*.



His trance state involves a lot of snoring.



You notice the crystal ball has 3 holes in it and a "Bowlaroo" logo.



Your lucky numbers are sensed through the energy your credit card emits.



An article of clothing from your missing cousin reveals she is somewhere Downy fresh.



She can only predict twenty minutes into the future.



She keeps getting a strong image of you paying more at the pump.



All the dead people you want to contact mysteriously "have laryngitis."



Your reading is done with baseball cards instead of Tarot cards.

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #496, FEB 2009

WRITER & ARTIST **TERESA BURNS PARKHURST**

Today, there is a growing interest in Psychic Phenomena. This includes such fascinating fields as Extra-Sensory Perception, Psychokinesis, Psychic Healing, Time Hypnosis, Plant Communication and other mind-blowing things. And so, it won't be long before some smart publisher gets the message and puts out a magazine to appeal to the people who dig this sort of thing. Something like—

MIND POWER

The Magazine Of Extra-Sensory Perception, Parapsychology, Psychic Phenomenon, Psychokinesis And Other Spooky Stuff.

June 1976
75c
UNLESS YOU CAN HYPNOTIZE THE NEWSDEALER

A BUDGET-MINDED PSYCHIC CONFESSES: "I Never Use My Phone Any More! Now, I Use Telepathy To Make My Obscene Calls!"

* * * *

A MAN SENT BACK IN TIME VIA HYPNOSIS REPORTS: *"In A Previous Life, I Was The Neanderthal Who Invented The Square Wheel!"*

* * * *

A MIND READING SEER DISCLOSES: "I Have The Power To Read Your Innermost Thoughts . . . And You Should Be Ashamed Of Yourself!"

* * * *

AN E.S.P. DAREDEVIL'S THRILLING ACCOMPLISHMENT: *"I Drove 2 Miles Blindfolded: 1 Block In My Car . . . And Then 39 Blocks In An Ambulance!"*

* * * *

A POLITICAL PROPHET REVIEWS HIS TRIUMPHS: "In The 1972 Presidential Election, I Predicted Who Would Be The Loser . . . The American Public!"

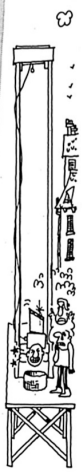
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A SPINSTER PSYCHIC RELUCTANTLY ADMITS: *"I Have Lived Before, And It Was Just As Dull Then!"*

* * * *



A DISAPPOINTED AGRONOMIST CLAIMS: "I Actually Speak To My Plants, But All They Want To Talk About Is The Weather!"



WRITER **STAN HART** ARTIST **JACK RICKARD**

PSYCHIC PHENOMENONSENSE

Goings-On...In And Out Of This World

by Omar Pinsky

DIDJA HEAR ABOUT skeptic Harold Gast? He's been toiling night and day on his forthcoming book which will disprove the existence of an Afterlife. Harold is calling his book "There Certainly Is No Life After Death!" and he's been working 20 hours a day on it with no time for anything else. Well, now Harold's wife is also writing a book, and she's calling hers "There Certainly Is No Life After Marriage!"

* * * *

BOO, HISS DEPT. Shame on Mind-Reader Rudolph Sigmathy! During his performance at the Bijou Theater last week, he asked people in the audience to send various personal objects to the stage, and claimed that he would identify the owners by simply feeling the objects. When his Assistant handed him the collection of watches, wallets, coins, bills and jewelry, and asked the great Mind-Reader to whom they belonged, Rudolph shouted, "To ME!" and ran from the theater into a waiting car. (That wasn't nice, Rudy! I hope your aura gets blown away in a stiff wind!)

* * * *

OVERSEAS HAPPENINGS: While slashing through a field of sugar cane with his machete, Sergio Macho heard what he thought was a cry of pain. And since Sergio never believed that plants had feelings, he was startled. As he looked down, he was shocked to discover where the cries were coming from. They were coming from Sergio, who had accidentally slashed his own leg with his machete. (Now you know how plants feel, eh, Sergi?)



"I STILL DON'T BELIEVE in Voodoo!" maintains die-hard explorer Timberwolf Bane, who recently granted Yours Truly an exclusive interview from the matchbox in which he now lives. (Keep talking, Tiny Timb! Heh-heh!)

* * * *

SEEN AT A SEANCE DEPT. Last week, Medium Gretta Grepps conjured up the spirit of Benedict Arnold. Seems ol' Benedict was mighty teed off after hearing about President Nixon's pardon. "How about me?" he demanded. "What am I, a piece of doo-doo?" (We won't answer that, Benny!)

* * * *

PITY POOR Ed Stone, the farmer from East Crevice, Iowa, who wanted a better corn crop, so he wired up his fields and played Lawrence Welk music all day long. Seems the crop thrived, but unfortunately his neighbors heard the music all day long, too. They burned down Eb's farm! . . . Quick! Think of a card! The Ten of Spades . . . Right!? (Who says ESP doesn't work?!)

DR. SANDFORD PIZER sent along this photo to us showing his wife standing at Stonehenge, one of the great mysteries of all time. Sandford writes, "Someday we will learn the answers to the five questions about Stonehenge: WHERE did the stones come from? WHAT do they mean? HOW did they get there? WHEN did they come? And WHO brought them?" I'm sure we will, Sandy, but will we ever learn the answer to an even more important question: WHY does your wife wear such tacky clothes . . . Fast, now! Pick a number from one to ten! Six . . . right?! (That's two for two!)



SEND SYMPATHY CARDS to the family of Billy Grovel. Billy predicted that the sky would fall, and the world would come to an end last month. Well, it did . . . for him! Billy was erased by a truck as he crossed the street while looking up to see if the sky was falling yet.

* * * *

BACK TO EARTH DEPT. Dick Mather had a premonition that the ill-fated Flight 365, which later did go down, would crash. He was so sure of his vision that he pleaded and pleaded with his skeptical wife. But no matter how hard Dick begged her, he couldn't convince her to take the Flight.

* * * *

HATS OFF DEPT. Professor Daryl Ennui, the noted NYU economics expert, set a new Inter-Scholastic ESP Record last month when he put 243 students into a deep trance in less than thirty minutes. Daryl's lecture on Gresham's Law is a sure-fire winner!

* * * *

HEARTWARMING NOTES DEPT. Dave Fink, who was stolen by a roving band of Bank Examiners when he was an infant, went to a Psychic who told him where he could find his Mother. Dave followed up and met his Mom after a 45-year separation. At first, Dave wasn't sure it was really his Mother, but he was convinced when she greeted him by saying, "In 45 years, you could have called me at least once!"

* * * *

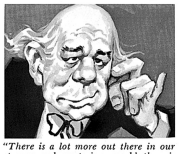
LENNY ABERNATHY CLAIMS that no one at home understands him and his preoccupation with Psychic Phenomenon, so Len wants to use this column to contact a man with similar interests...or if not that, then a woman who is lonely! . . . Now, quick, pick a month! December . . . right!? (No? Sorry, guy! Well, two out of three ain't bad!)

* * * *

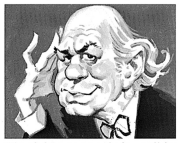
REINCARNATION DEPT. Pity poor Harvey Reed, the songwriter, who was Johann Strauss in a previous life. Seems that last week, Harv composed "The Blue Danube" for the 78th time. But don't get me wrong! I love Psychic Phenomenonsense!

MIND POWER INTERVIEWS:
Mr. CASEY EDGARS, World Famous Psychic Healer

MP: Hello, Mr. Edgars. I'm . . .
EDGARS: Say no more. I can see you're suffering from severe back trouble. You've had it for years, and you've been to the biggest doctors without any relief. Well, your worries are over, young man. I can cure you.
MP: I'm afraid you don't understand, sir. My back feels fine.
EDGARS: See? And I didn't even lay a hand on you. That'll be $600, please.
MP: Wait a minute! I'm not a patient! I'm the Editor of *Mind Power Magazine*, and I'm here to interview you.
EDGARS: Oh? Well, then, have a seat. You can sit comfortably, now that I've cured your back.
MP: May we begin? First, just how do you cure sick people.
EDGARS: That depends on exactly how sick they are.
MP: Well, let's say a person who was *very* sick came to see you. What would you do?
EDGARS: I'd pretend I was the Telephone Company Repair Man. Listen, pal . . . *very* sick people can *die* on you. That can screw up a guy's perfect record.
MP: Well, let's say it's someone who isn't really very sick . . .
EDGARS: Okay, first I look at them. But I don't see them.
MP: Oh, your eyes are giving you trouble.
EDGARS: Any more jokes, and this interview is over, sonny. I don't see them because I don't look at the person, I look at his aura. I can see where his aura is warped, or discolored, or agitated, or just plain teed off. That's where the trouble spot is. Like right now, I'm looking at your right upper wisdom tooth, and I can see it's giving you trouble.
MP: No, it isn't. It was removed ten years ago.
EDGARS: Right. And your aura misses it terribly. Well . . . go on, if it isn't too hard to talk with that painful tooth.
MP: After determining where the problem area is, what do you do next?
EDGARS: See these hands? They look like ordinary hands, don't they?
MP: Well, maybe not as clean . . . but close enough . . .
EDGARS: These hands, these fingers have miraculous properties. With these hands, I can cure the sick, heal the lame, restore the blind and count to ten.
MP: You mean you place your hands on the affected area of the patient?
EDGARS: No, dummy, I Cha-Cha with them. What do you think? Of course I place my hands on them. And then I call out, "Heal . . . heal . . . heal . . ."
MP: And then what happens?
EDGARS: Usually, my dog runs in and sits at my feet. But sometimes, the psychic energy that I control passes through my hands to the patient and he's cured.
MP: That's amazing.
EDGARS: If you think that's something, I've got a few cards tricks that'll blow your mind. Here . . . pick a card . . .
MP: Maybe later.
EDGARS: I don't know about that. Judging by your aura, you don't have all the time left in the world, you know. How's the back . . . ?
MP: Fine. Tell me, what made you decide to become a Psychic Healer?
EDGARS: It happened when I was a Freshman in Medical School. I suddenly decided that orthodox medicine was not for me.
MP: You received some sort of . . . message?
EDGARS: Yeah, from the Dean, saying I was failing every course.
MP: Well, Mr. Edgars, I'm about out of tape. I want to thank you for your time, and I'd like to say that more people should talk to you.
EDGARS: Oh? Like who?
MP: Like the Police Department Bunko Squad.



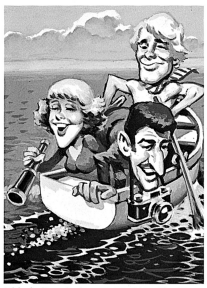
"There is a lot more out there in our strange and mysterious world than is seen by the average person with limited sight. Like, dig that little number in the apartment across the courtyard!"



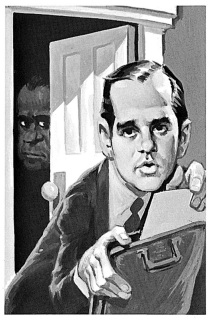
"I'm glad I gave up orthodox medicine to become a Healer, because with the laying on of hands, I get a chance to do what I could not do if I were an ordinary doctor . . . mainly feel women!"

PICTURES OF PEOPLE ON THE PSYCHIC PSCENE

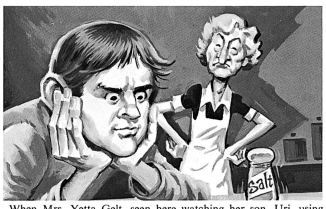
NEWS PHOTOS FROM AROUND THE WORLD . . . AND OTHER PLACES



This is Dr. Arthur Yuld, his wife, Nana and their Caribbean guide, Lance Reeves, who recently spent a week investigating the mysterious Bermuda Triangle . . . the area where many ships and planes have vanished without a trace. When asked if he thought there really was a Bermuda Triangle, Dr. Yuld said, "I'm positive there's a triangle! The last night, I caught my wife in bed with our guide!"



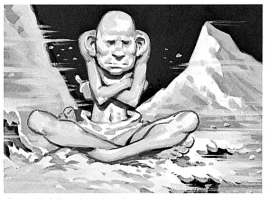
As we promised last issue, here's that photo of the man who talks to a "ghost" every day. It's Ron Ziegler, leaving Richard Nixon's study at San Clemente.



When Mrs. Yetta Gelt, seen here watching her son, Uri, using his concentrated mind power to move a salt shaker, was asked if she was proud of him, she replied, "I'd be a lot prouder if he concentrated his mind power on moving his butt out of the house and getting himself a job making an honest living!"



To make sure that psychic Andre Bologne would not be affected by any outside influences during a recent test of his amazing powers, scientists placed him in a sealed lead container. The precautions worked perfectly. Andre was not affected by any outside influences . . . and the scientists were not affected by any of Andre's screams for air before he finally suffocated.



Guru Knishnosh, who sits on a bleak snowy 11,000 ft. mountain peak, is a master of contemplation. When asked just what he contemplates, The Great One said, "Most of all, I contemplate how very wonderful it would be to have a warm overcoat!"



Here is amazing alchemist Ferd Gould, who has made a fortune changing base metals into gold and silver. That's nothing," says Gould. "My wife is even more amazing! She changes good money into cheap jewelry!"



These are the two Soviet Cosmonauts who sent mental messages back to Earth. Intercepted by an American Sensitive, the messages all had two specific themes: One, a longing for a real toilet—and the other, a strong desire to land anyplace but the Soviet Union.

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #183 (JUN 1976)



To prove that thoughts can be captured on photographic plates, Rev. Hubert Traif had members of his Church Council concentrate on something pleasurable. He was, indeed, able to pick up their thoughts on the plates, and the resulting photographs are now on sale at "The Hanky-Panky Adult Book Store" in Lodi, New Jersey.

TOY GORY DEPT.

The most iconic fashion on the planet doll has been made over by everyone from the Girl Scouts to SeaWorld—so why not Satan? We upsettingly present...

POSSESSED Barbie®

FEATURING REFILLABLE VOMIT SPEWING BLASTER BULB!

SUCTION CUP FINGERS! FOR DEMONIC CRAWLS ACROSS THE CEILING!

PULL THE STRING AND LISTEN TO HER LOVELY CURSES!

REVERSE SPEECH BUTTON

INTERCHANGEABLE FACES! TRY ALL 4 PHASES OF DEMONIC POSSESSION!

NORMAL! DISTURBED! POSSESSED! KELLYANNE CONWAY!

360-DEGREE HEAD ROTATION ACTION!

MADWELL

WRITER & ARTIST **HURRICANE IVAN**

DON'T FORGET THESE ECCH-LESSORIES...

Barbie® NIGHTMARE HOUSE™

RECHARGEABLE LEVITATION LEVER!

1. VAMPIRE REPELLENT COIL
2. HELL-EVATOR
3. BOOGEYMAN'S CLOSET
4. GLOBAL WARMING TERROLE
5. DIMENSIONAL PORTAL
6. DISTURBING NEIGHBORS
7. HANNIBAL'S KITCHEN
8. LONG-DISTANCE PHONE SERVICE
9. SECURITY CAMERA
10. BURIAL GROUND

VOODOO Ken

COMMAND YOUR BOYFRIEND!

BUY ME THAT NOW, DADDY! PLEEEASE!

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #10, DEC 2019

SPECIAL DEFFECTS DEPT.

PALTRY GUISE

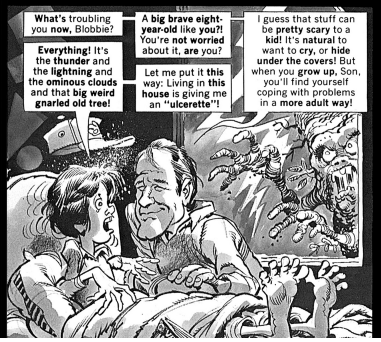
Recently, a so-called "scary" movie (by Steven Spielberg et al.) made box office history when millions of horror fans all around the country rushed to theaters and paid good money to have their pants scared off them. Well, Steve and company, MAD has taken a long, hard look at your movie, and we've come to the conclusion that using a display of dazzling special effects to cover up the lack of a strong plot and the work of unknown actors is a pretty



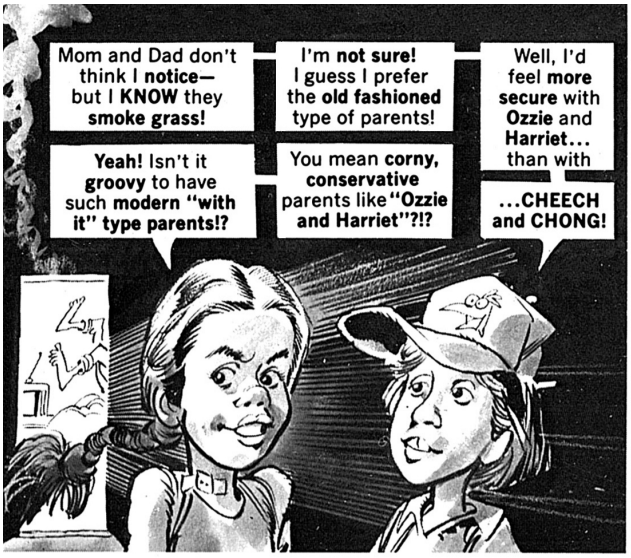


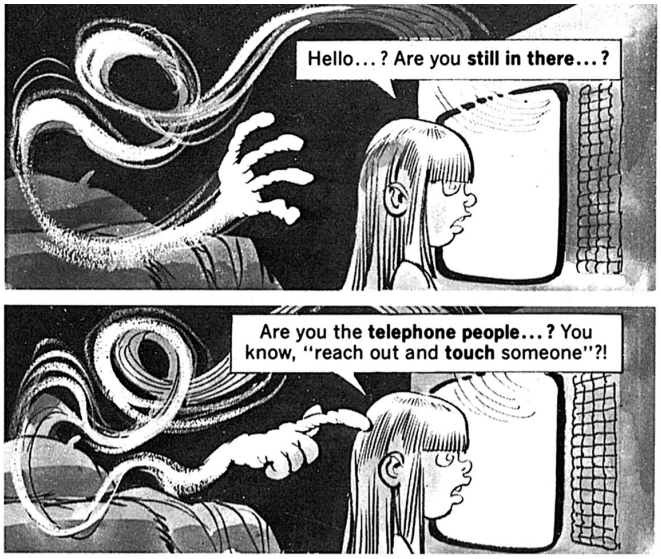


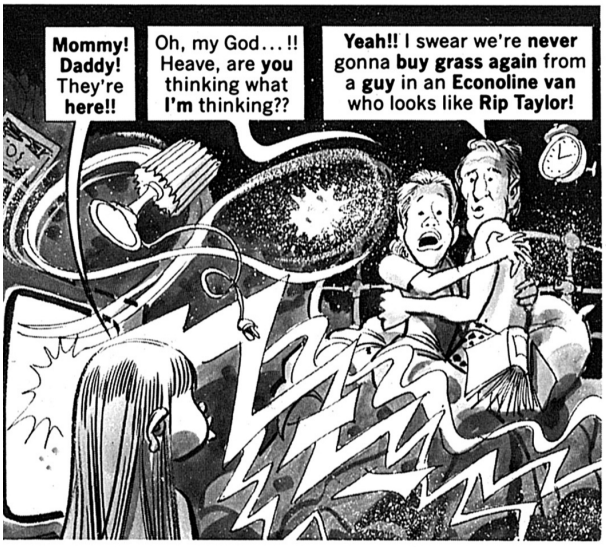
WRITER **ARNIE KOGEN** ARTIST **JACK DAVIS**





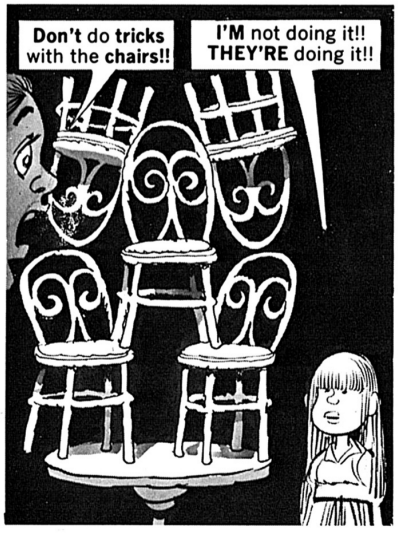

Mom and Dad don't think I **notice**— but I **KNOW** they **smoke grass!**
I'm **not sure!** I guess I prefer the **old fashioned** type of parents!
Well, I'd feel **more secure** with **Ozzie** and **Harriet...** than with
Yeah! Isn't it **groovy** to have such **modern "with it" type parents!?**
You mean **corny, conservative** parents like **"Ozzie and Harriet"?!?**
...CHEECH and CHONG!


Hello...? Are you **still in there...?**
Are you the **telephone people...?** You know, "reach out and **touch** someone"?!


Mommy! Daddy! They're **here!!**
Oh, my God...!! Heave, are **you** thinking what **I'm** thinking??
Yeah!! I swear we're **never** gonna **buy grass again** from a **guy** in an **Econoline van** who looks like **Rip Taylor!**


Honey, remember **last night** when you said, **"They're here!"?**
Exactly **what** did you **mean,** Sweetheart? **WHO's** here??
But, **that's silly!** The **TV people** don't come around at **Midnight!!**
I know! Maybe they were the **CABLE people!** They're **pretty desperate** for **new customers!**
Uh-huh...!
The **TV people!**


Stop bending your **silverware!**
I'M not bending it!! **THEY'RE** bending it!!


Don't do **tricks** with the **chairs!!**
I'M not doing it!! **THEY'RE** doing it!!

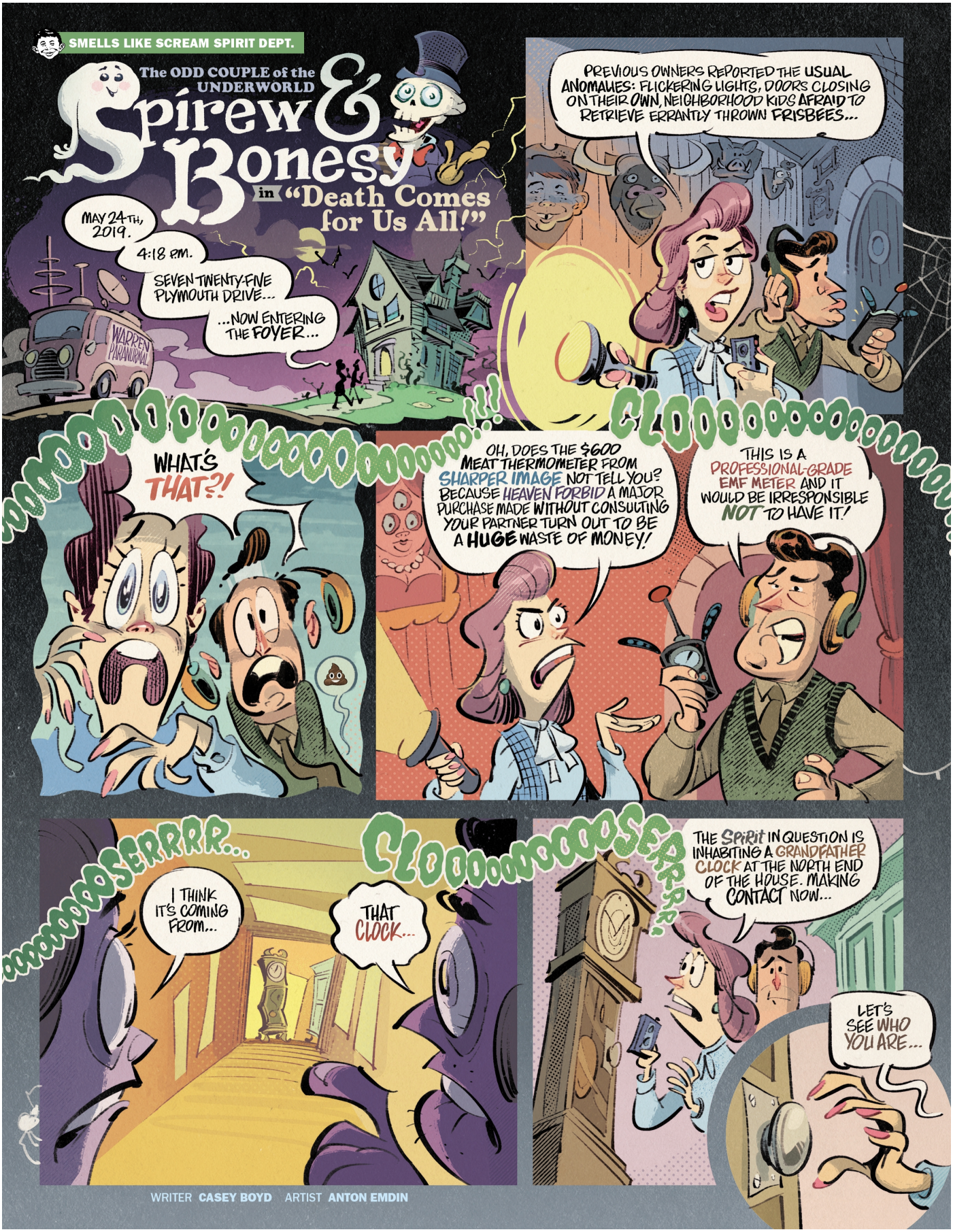

Lord, I **can't take** much more!! They're **driving** me up a **tree!!**
ME, TOO!!


Look... !! The tree is eating Blobbie ALIVE!!
Blobbie! Answer me! Are you okay...?
Dad, remember the expression, "Its bark is worse than its bite!"??
Yeah...
It's not true in this case!
I may be crazy... but I'm gonna have to risk my neck and save the kid's life!!
You love him THAT much?!?
Nahh! It's just that I can't bear the idea of going to a cocktail party and having to explain how my kid died... "Well, you see, my son was EATEN by this TREE... !"
We saved BLOBBIE's life, but now CARO ANNE is missing!!
This is not one of our family's best days!! Caro Anne, where are you...?
Mommy...Mommy...
My God! I've heard of a "CAPTIVE TV AUDIENCE"— but this is ridiculous!
Here! Let ME try to tune her in...
She may be on Channel 5! They've got a LOT of Kiddie Shows!!
Maybe she's gone into syndi-cation!
Maybe we should wait for the eleven o'clock news! She'll tell us where she is HERSELF!!
I knew we should have switched to cable! That way, we'd be able to pick up her picture a whole lot clearer... !
STOP IT!!
All of you, STOP IT!!
Heave!! What are we going to do?! Our Caro Anne is stuck in the TV!
I think we better hurry up and think of something before she's "CANCELLED"!
What's the problem, Mr.?
Our daughter is stuck inside our television set!
Hmmm! Sounds real serious! It looks like I'm going to have to bring the set into the shop!
We're wasting our time with a TV repairman! We better call in some scientists!!
Hello! I'm Dr. Lush! These are my two associates! We're research scientists trained to investigate parapsychological phenomenon!
What does that mean in English?
We're a GHOST SWAT TEAM!!


Well, you came to the **right place!** We seem to be having some **disturbances** lately!
Like **what,** f'rinstance...?
Why don't we take a look at our **son's room...**
Hmmmm! Either this is **"the world's messiest room"** ...or we've got a **major "haunting"** on our hands!!
What we could be **dealing with** here is a **Poltergeist!**
Uh... **what's** a **POLTERGEIST...?**
It's your **standard movie "haunting"—** with about **eleven million dollars** in **"special effects" scenes** thrown in!!
...and in **THIS movie,** you **never** can tell **WHEN** they'll **throw** one of those scenes **IN...!!**
Please! Help us find our daughter...!
Mommy! I'm **HERE...!**
Thank God you're **alive!** Are you **all right,** honey?
I—I **think** so!
Stand up straight!! Don't slouch when mommy's talking to you!!
How do you know she's **SLOUCHING?!?**
A **mother KNOWS!**
Mommy didn't mean to **yell** at you, Caro Anne... but these have been **very tense times** for Mommy and me...!!
Hey, it's been **no picnic** for **ME, either!**
Of course! *Uh—* **how** are you **getting along** in there! Are you **eating well?**
Yes! I get my **food** from **"The Julia Childs Show"!**
Are you **learning** anything?
Yes! I'm **learning** things from **"Sesame Street"!**
Are you ...having any **fun?**
Yes! I keep getting **kissed** by a man named **Richard Dawson!**
WE GOTTA GET HER OUT OF THERE!!
Look! **Phantom figures** descending the stair-case!!
But **who are they?** What **dark secrets** are **hidden** within this house?
It's **got ME!** If only these **walls** could **TALK!!**
Mommy! **Mommy!**
The **insulation** is **tickling me!!**


My **daughter** is being held **hostage** by this **house!!** You **must** get her **out!!**
Mr. Feeling... it's **beyond** our research team! What **you** need is a **PSYCHIC!**
Money is **no object!** Get me the **BIGGEST** in the **BUSINESS!!**
Good evening! I am **Bandina,** the **Psychic!**
YOUR'RE the **BIGGEST** in the **business?**
And I'm the **best!** I will **"cleanse"** this **house** of **evil spirits!** I will **cleanse** the **rooms!** I will **cleanse** the **stairways!** I will **cleanse** the **attic!** Now, **where** was your daughter **last seen?**
Well, she was **trapped** in the **TV,** but **now** she may have moved to the **walls**... or the **windows!**
Sorry! At **these** prices, **I don't cleanse windows!**
THINK SMALL
Er... are you **sure** you **know** what you're **doing?!**
I have **amazing skills!** I am a **psychic,** a **seer,** a **clairvoyant—and** I can **read minds! I know** at **all times** what you're **thinking!**
Ooops! I— I'm **sorry!**
Too late!! I HEARD you thinking those **"little people" jokes!!**
You're thinking: **"What** side of the **rainbow** did **SHE** come from...?"
"She's lucky if she can **read knees!"**
Yes, I **AM** small! But I'm **also** very **gifted!** My **size** has **never** affected my **skills** at **flushing out evil!!**
Now... let me go through the **house** and **find** your **missing daughter!**
Caro Anne...?? Where ARE youuuuuuuuu...??
Not THAT house!!
IBSEN
Okay, here's the story! Your **daughter** is being **held captive** by a **terrible force**—a **"beast"**—that **hovers** up in her **closet!**
And there's **no hope...?**
There **IS** hope! You must get me **two tennis balls** and some **rope!**
See, Honey? It's **all** going to **work out!**
My **daughter disappears** into the **TV set!** Then, a **tiny clairvoyant** tells us that **"in order to bring her back,"** we have to fling **TENNIS BALLS** at some **monster!** And **YOU** say, "It's **all** going to **work out!"???**
Here we go! The **tennis balls** will clear a **path** through the **light** and **confuse** the **beast!!**
THINK MINUTE
What's the **score...?**
The beast is up **two sets!!**


Listen to me carefully, Caro Anne! There's only one way to get out of that strange land you're in! Click your ruby slippers together and say... "There's no place like home! There's no place like home!"
Boy! Those Munchkins do ONE CLASSIC FILM, and they never forget it!!
CRASH!
You DID IT!! We've got our baby back!
My work is done here! This house is "clean"!
But... for how long??
For two minutes... or one "family alone at home without the father" scene... whichever comes first!!
THINK TINY
HELP!
YAHHH!
Oh, thank God you came back! You've got to help me! You've got me OUT of here!!
Sorry! I don't do windows OR pools!
Forget the pool! I want you to get me out of this picture!
Listen, Honey, I'm a psychic, not an AGENT!
But, who ARE these corpses, ANYWAY?! Why are they HAUNTING us... ??
They seek revenge! They are RECENT DEAD!
How recent?
They were buried last summer... !
Buried?!? Under THIS HOUSE last summer...?
No, they were buried at the BOX OFFICE last summer! Their films were "killed" by the two STEVEN SPIELBERG block-busters... "E.T." ...and THIS ONE!
Gee, she's right, Mom! LOOK! There's CLINT EASTWOOD from "Firefox"!
...and HARRISON FORD from "Blade Runner"!
...and WOODY ALLEN from "A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy"!
... and AL PACINO from "Author! Author!" ... and KURT RUSSELL from "The Thing"... and ROBIN WILLIAMS and RICHARD PRYOR and STEVE MARTIN and all the others!!

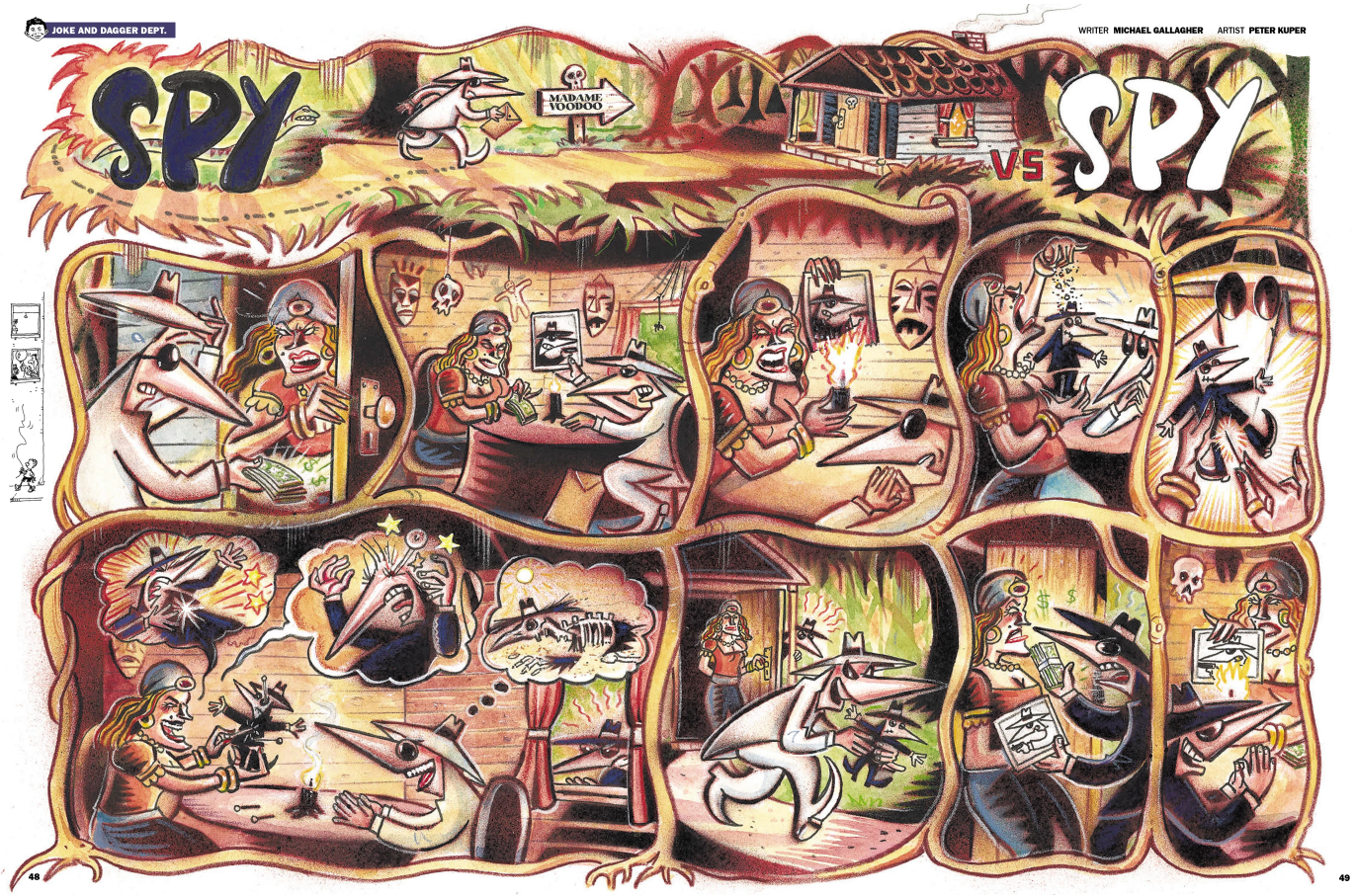


WRITER **CASEY BOYD** ARTIST **ANTON EMDIN**



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #10, DEC 2019

WRITER **MICHAEL GALLAGHER** ARTIST **PETER KUPER**





ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #406, JUN 2001

THERE'S A FRAUD IN YOUR FUTURE DEPT.

Hi, MAD reader's! I'm **Howard Gosell,** and I'm famous for **telling it like it is!** I deal only in **truth** and **reality!** Which is why **MAD Magazine,** in its ridiculous fashion, has chosen **me** to interview a man who deals in the **unbelievable** and **unreal world** of **Mysticism** and **The Occult!** His name is **Cosmo Mantra,** President of **Occult Enterprises!** He's...

MAD'S OCCULT PROMOTER OF THE YEAR

Mr. Mantra, you've made **millions of dollars** in Astrology . . . Mysticism . . . and Psychic Phenomenon! Tell us . . . what got you **into** The Occult?

My **fascination** with the **unknown,** Howard! I **never knew** what a **FORTUNE** there is in this stuff!

But, **what qualified** you?

For years, I sold **patent medicines** and **miracle-cure elixirs** to the crowds at **carnivals** and **sideshows!**

And from **that,** you discovered the **key** to the mysteries of **The Occult?**

No . . . from **that,** I discovered that **people** will **swallow ANYTHING!**



Behold . . . our **Séance Chamber!** Through one of our **Mediums,** here a seeker can speak with **loved ones** who have **crossed over** to the **Other Side!**

You mean **talk** with the **dead?!?**

"Dead" is a **no-no** here, Howard! **No one dies** in **The Occult!** They simply **MOVE ON . . .** and leave a **forwarding address!**

Your departed husband will **now speak . . .** through **me!**

Harry . . . is that **you?!?**

This is **Harry!** I am speaking to you from the **Hereafter!**

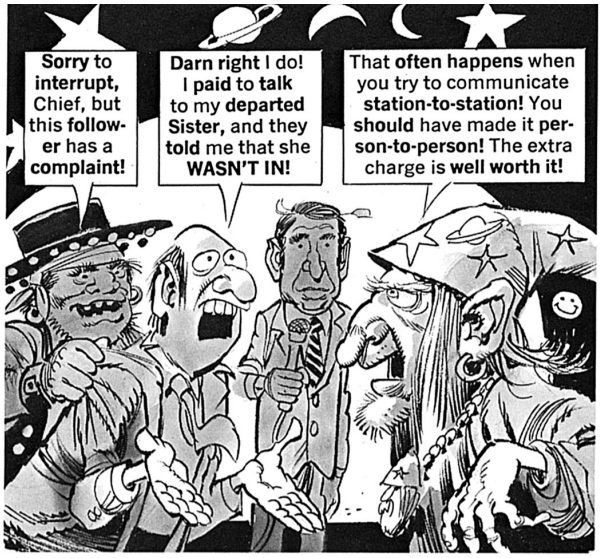
Are you **happy,** there, Harry?

Yes, except that everything is so **expensive** here! The **robes**—the **wings**—the **harp!**

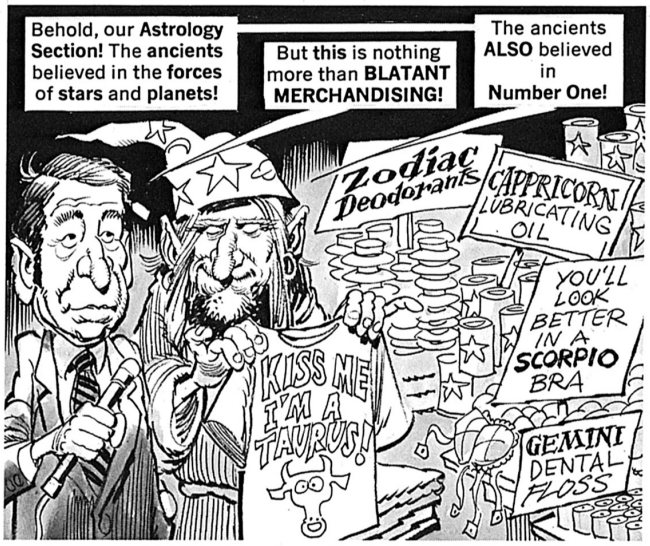
How can **I help?!**

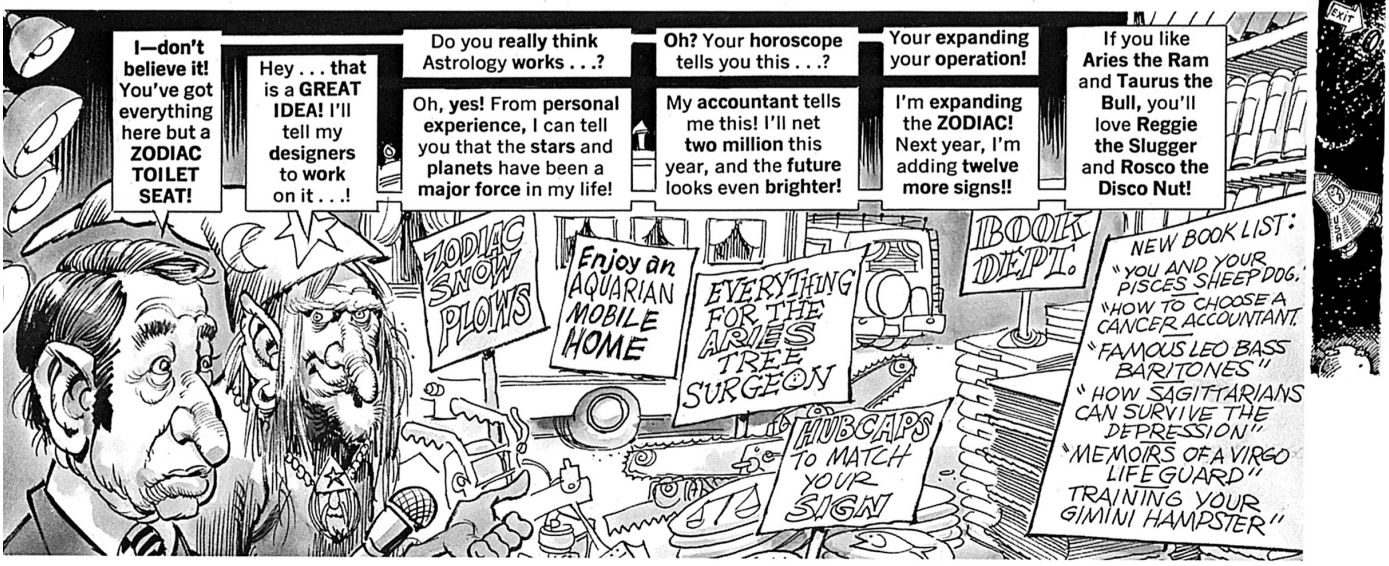
Donate half my insurance money to **Occult Enterprises!** They'll **get** it to me by **Divine Messenger!** Make it **cash!** They don't take **checks** here!!

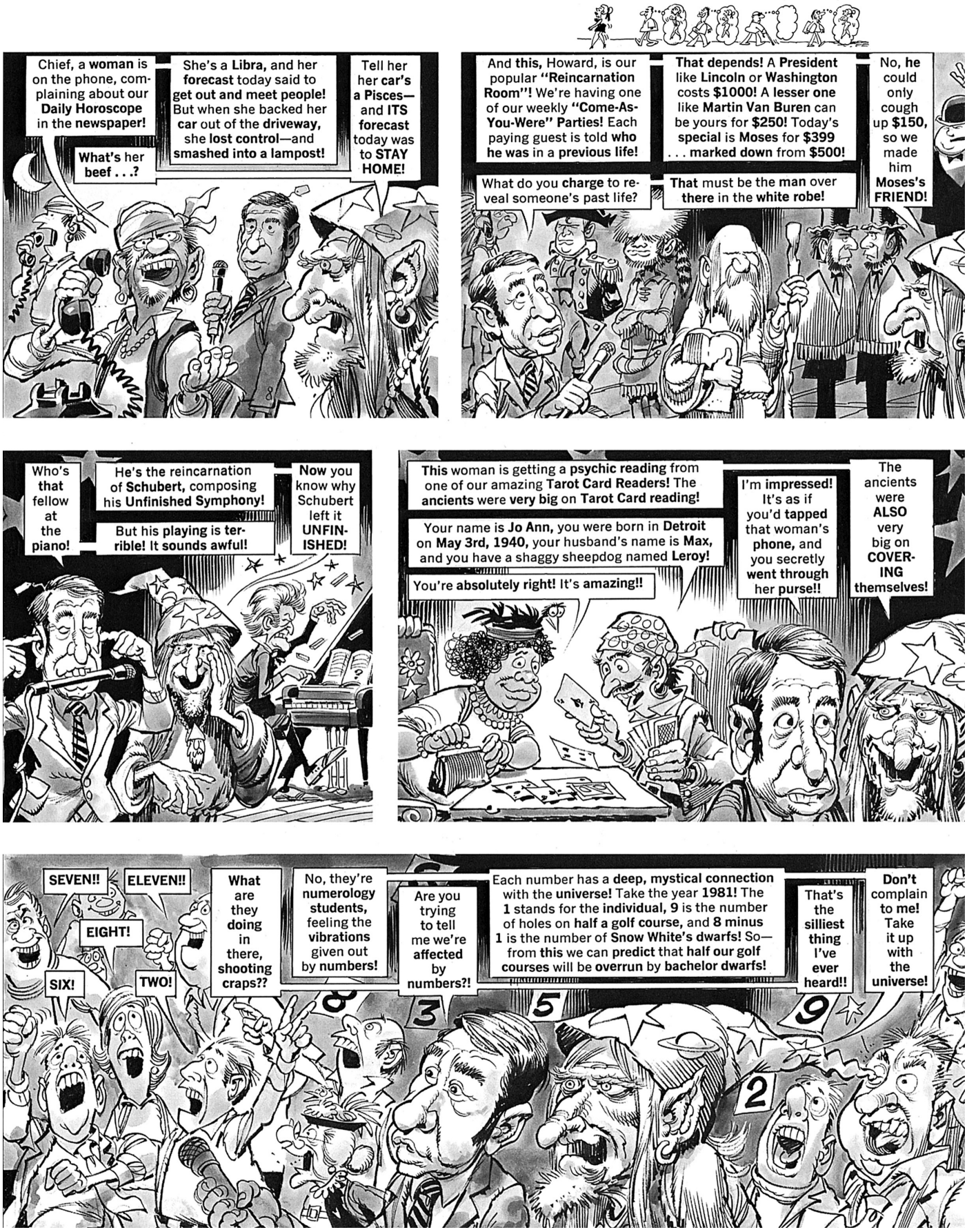

Boy . . . it sure looks to me like you're fleecing that woman!
How can you say that, Howard?!? We're bringing her JOY!
But everyone knows you can't send money to the Hereafter!
Hah!! That's the typical reaction of a non-believer!
Yeah . . .? How will we know if Harry got the money?!?
Oh, that's easy! Tomorrow . . . through that same Medium . . . Harry will communicate a RECEIPT!

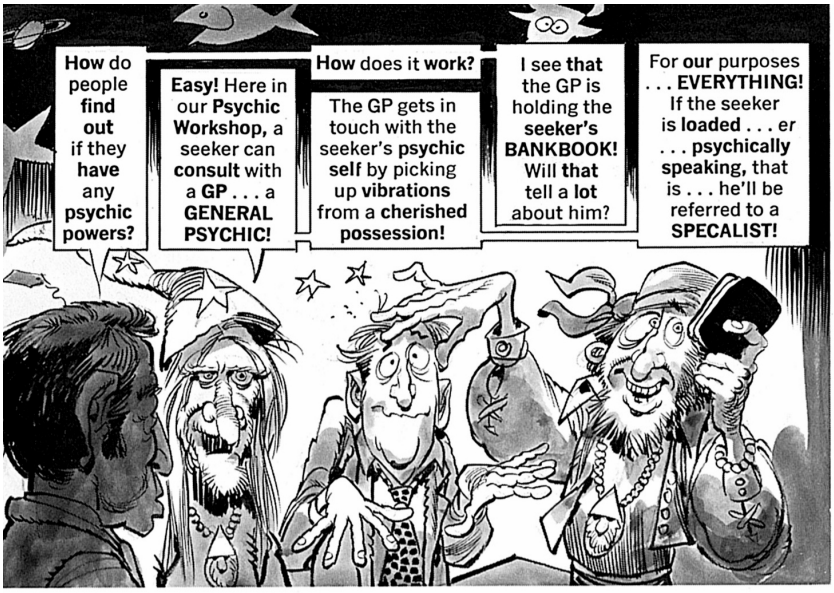

Sorry to interrupt, Chief, but this follower has a complaint!
Darn right I do! I paid to talk to my departed Sister, and they told me that she WASN'T IN!
That often happens when you try to communicate station-to-station! You should have made it person-to-person! The extra charge is well worth it!

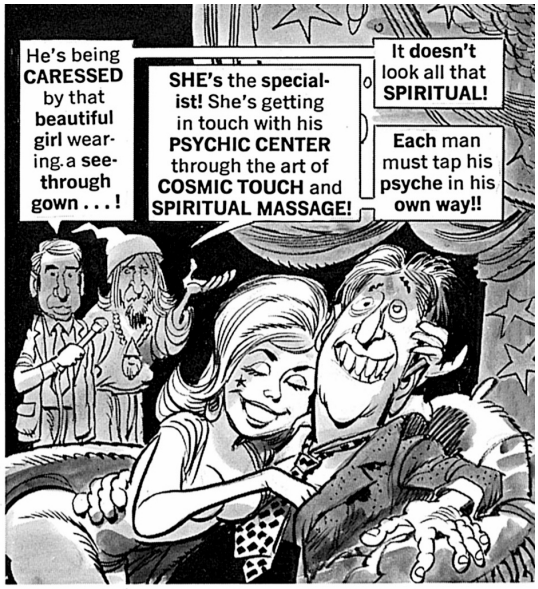

I DID make it person-to-person . . . and the Medium still couldn't reach her!
Then she's probably unlisted—requiring cosmic assistance by our Afterlife Operator . . . for an additional fee, of course!
I'll pay ANYTHING to talk to her!
With faith like yours, how can you fail?!

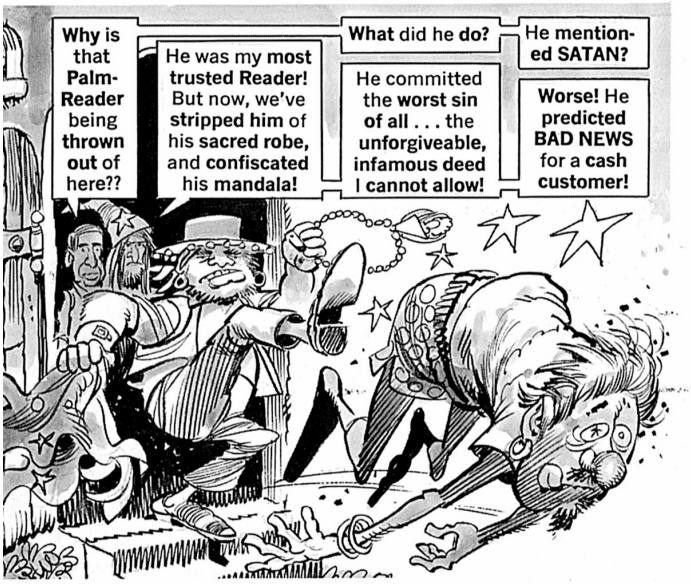

Behold, our Astrology Section! The ancients believed in the forces of stars and planets!
But this is nothing more than BLATANT MERCHANDISING!
The ancients ALSO believed in Number One!
Zodiac Deodorants
CAPPRICORN LUBRICATING OIL
YOU'LL LOOK BETTER IN A SCORPIO BRA
KISS ME I'M A TAURUS!
GEMINI DENTAL FLOSS

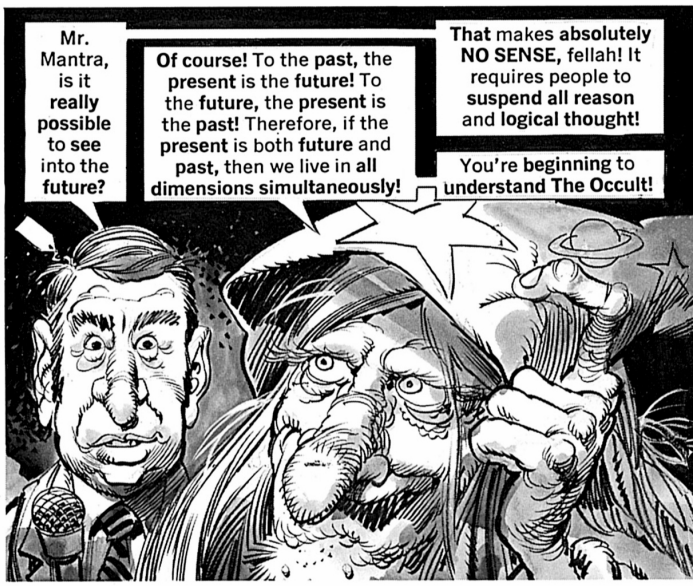

I—don't believe it! You've got everything here but a ZODIAC TOILET SEAT!
Hey . . . that is a GREAT IDEA! I'll tell my designers to work on it . . .!
Do you really think Astrology works . . .?
Oh, yes! From personal experience, I can tell you that the stars and planets have been a major force in my life!
Oh? Your horoscope tells you this . . .?
My accountant tells me this! I'll net two million this year, and the future looks even brighter!
Your expanding your operation!
I'm expanding the ZODIAC! Next year, I'm adding twelve more signs!!
If you like Aries the Ram and Taurus the Bull, you'll love Reggie the Slugger and Rosco the Disco Nut!
ZODIAC SNOW PLOWS
Enjoy an AQUARIAN MOBILE HOME
EVERYTHING FOR THE ARIES TREE SURGEON
HUBCAPS TO MATCH YOUR SIGN
BOOK DEPT.
NEW BOOK LIST:
"YOU AND YOUR PISCES SHEEPDOG."
"HOW TO CHOOSE A CANCER ACCOUNTANT."
"FAMOUS LEO BASS BARITONES"
"HOW SAGITTARIANS CAN SURVIVE THE DEPRESSION"
"MEMOIRS OF A VIRGO LIFEGUARD"
TRAINING YOUR GIMINI HAMPSTER"
EXIT


Chief, a woman is on the phone, complaining about our Daily Horoscope in the newspaper!
What's her beef . . .?
She's a Libra, and her forecast today said to get out and meet people! But when she backed her car out of the driveway, she lost control—and smashed into a lampost!
Tell her her car's a Pisces—and ITS forecast today was to STAY HOME!
And this, Howard, is our popular "Reincarnation Room"! We're having one of our weekly "Come-As-You-Were" Parties! Each paying guest is told who he was in a previous life!
What do you charge to reveal someone's past life?
That depends! A President like Lincoln or Washington costs $1000! A lesser one like Martin Van Buren can be yours for $250! Today's special is Moses for $399 . . . marked down from $500!
That must be the man over there in the white robe!
No, he could only cough up $150, so we made him Moses's FRIEND!
Who's that fellow at the piano!
He's the reincarnation of Schubert, composing his Unfinished Symphony!
But his playing is terrible! It sounds awful!
Now you know why Schubert left it UNFINISHED!
This woman is getting a psychic reading from one of our amazing Tarot Card Readers! The ancients were very big on Tarot Card reading!
Your name is Jo Ann, you were born in Detroit on May 3rd, 1940, your husband's name is Max, and you have a shaggy sheepdog named Leroy!
You're absolutely right! It's amazing!!
I'm impressed! It's as if you'd tapped that woman's phone, and you secretly went through her purse!!
The ancients were ALSO very big on COVERING themselves!
SEVEN!!
ELEVEN!!
EIGHT!
SIX!
TWO!
What are they doing in there, shooting craps??
No, they're numerology students, feeling the vibrations given out by numbers!
Are you trying to tell me we're affected by numbers?!
Each number has a deep, mystical connection with the universe! Take the year 1981! The 1 stands for the individual, 9 is the number of holes on half a golf course, and 8 minus 1 is the number of Snow White's dwarfs! So—from this we can predict that half our golf courses will be overrun by bachelor dwarfs!
That's the silliest thing I've ever heard!!
Don't complain to me! Take it up with the universe!
8
3
5
9
2













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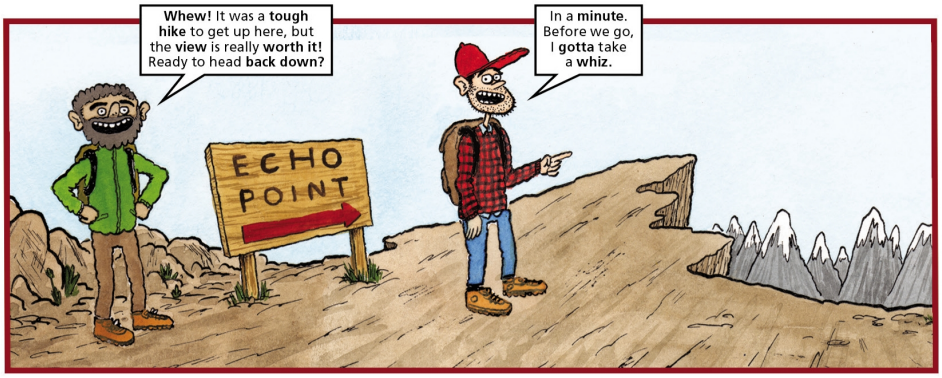
ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #10, DEC 2019

WRITER & ARTIST **KYLE BRIDGETT**

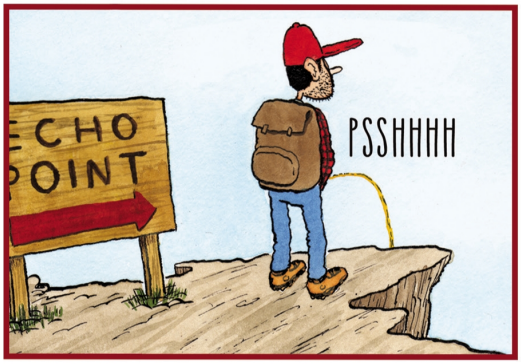
IT'S A WONDERFUL STRIFE DEPT.

THE HAUNTING LEGEND OF ECHO POINT

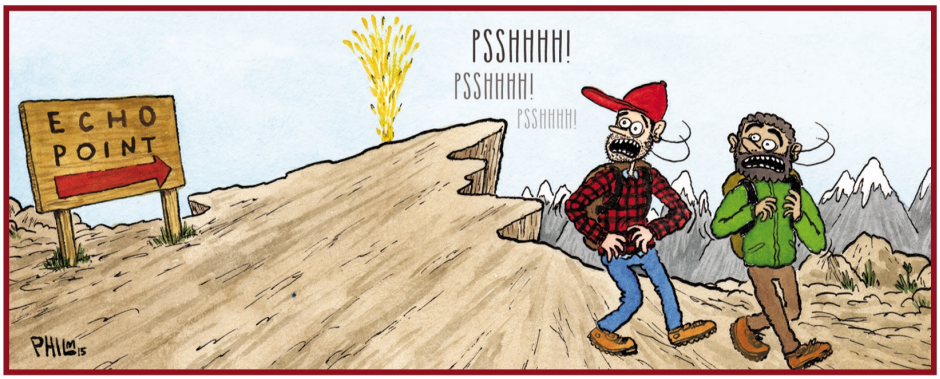
WRITER **JOHN CALDWELL**
ARTIST **PHIL McANDREW**











ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #534, AUG 2015

CORRECTION: In last months MAD #26, we were ACTUAL idiots and mistakenly credited one of the original Usual Gang of Idiots, founding editor, Harvey Kurtzman with writing the copy in the reprinted excerpt on page 56, originally published in MAD #37, JAN 1958. Mr. Kurtzman had left MAD Magazine at that point in his career. So, it's still a MAD history mystery as to who wrote the piece.

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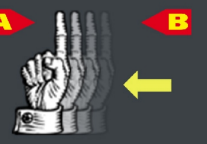
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WHAT DEBUNKED PHENOMENON DO PEOPLE STILL EMPHATICALLY BELIEVE IN?

HERE WE GO WITH AN ALL-NEW MAD FOLD-IN

Time and time again, people are duped by grifters, conmen, and hoaxers. Despite mountains of evidence disproving their implausible assertions, there's always a sucker who will take the bait. To see what ruse people are still falling for, fold in as shown on the right.

SWIPE FROM B TO A TO FOLD



A B



THERE IS NO SHORTAGE OF CUNNING CHARLATANS WHO VOICE THE MOST OUTLANDISH CLAIMS. YES, SOONER OR LATER THEY ALL GET EXPOSED AS THE PHONIES THEY ARE, BUT FRANKLY, IT DOES NOT MATTER—THESE DAYS, IF YOU'RE LOUD ENOUGH, PEOPLE ARE GOING TO LISTEN TO YOU.

A

WRITER & ARTIST **JOHNNY SAMPSON**

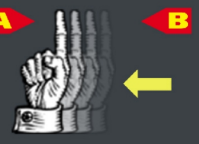
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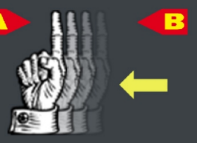
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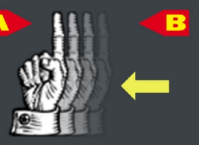
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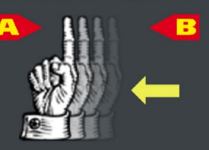
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WRITER & ARTIST JOHNNY SAMPSON

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HERE WE GO WITH AN ALL-NEW MAD FOLD-IN

Time and time again people are duped by greed, cunning, and flimflam. Despite numerous debunkings, the public at large seems determined to believe in the most outlandish claims. Why do we allow these charlatans to take us for a ride? To see what these people see and laugh at them, fold as shown on the right.

SWIPE FROM B TO A TO FOLD

A B

A B



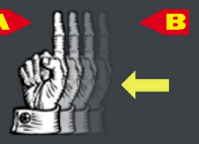
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WRITTEN & LETTERED BY TIMOTHY SAMPSON

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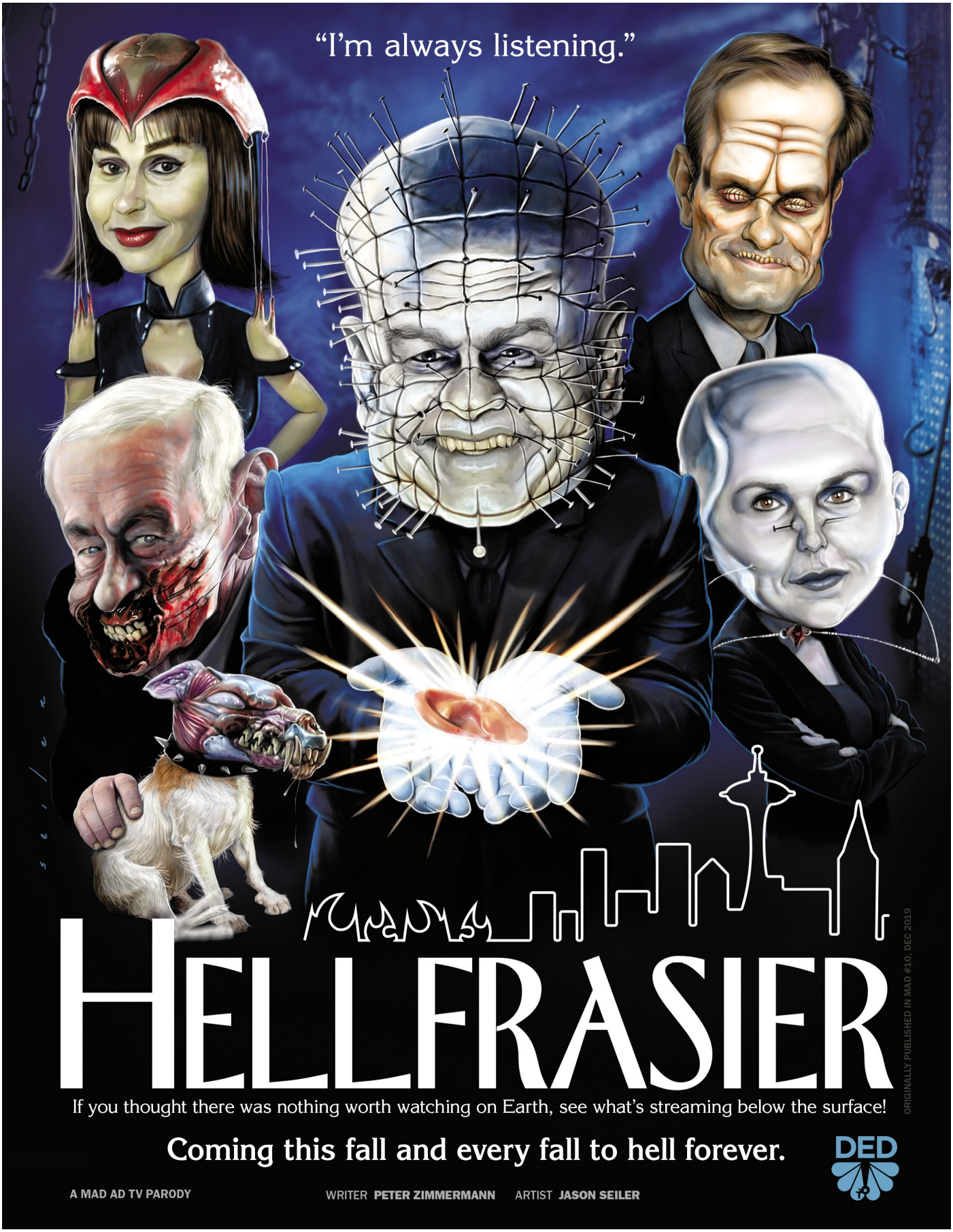
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VOTER

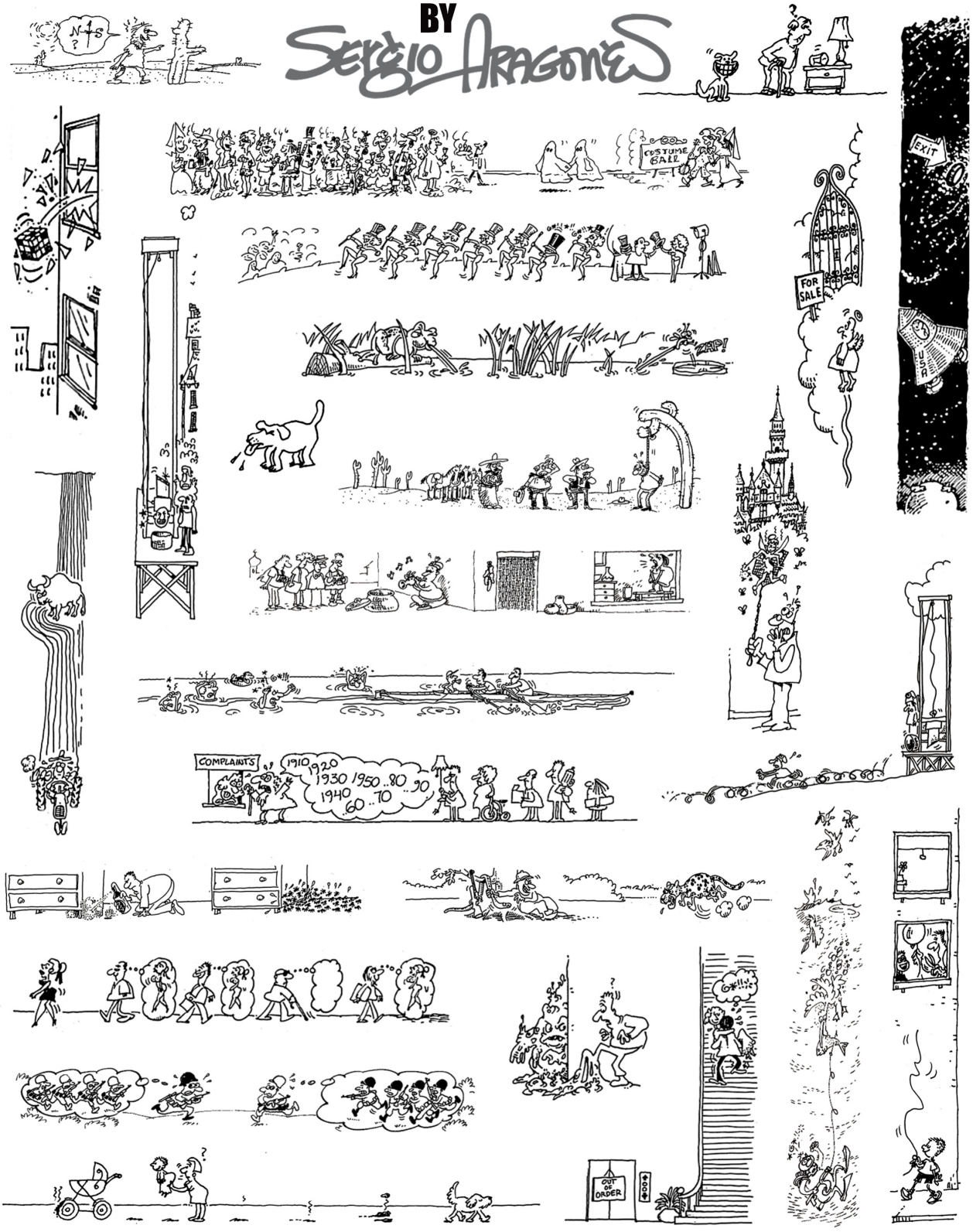
FRAUD

A B


"I'm always listening."
HELLFRASIER
If you thought there was nothing worth watching on Earth, see what's streaming below the surface!
Coming this fall and every fall to hell forever.
DED
A MAD AD TV PARODY
WRITER PETER ZIMMERMANN
ARTIST JASON SEILER
ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #10, DEC 2019

DRAWN OUT DRAMAS

BY SERGIO ARAGONÉS



MAD

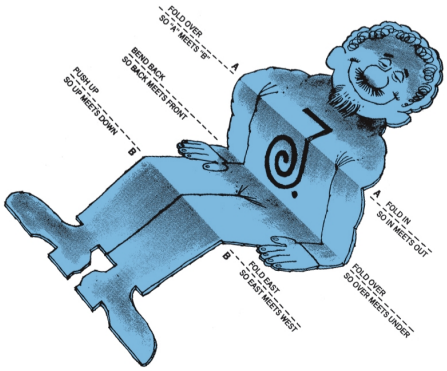
DIGITAL EDITION

BONUS MATERIAL!

We couldn't conjure up a pair-a-normal kids, but we poke fun at the paranormal ones in MAD's TV parody "Strangely Thin." Exorcise your funny bone! From issue #548, December 2017.



Insightful Al Jaffee attempts to fold-in the ghouls who feel they must police the ghastly fumes of unisex public toilets. Published in MAD #543, February 2017.



STRANGELY THIN

EIGHTIES IS ENOUGH DEPT.

It's a story about a boy who goes missing, until he gets found. The first suspects you see are the ones who did it. Both of the love stories go nowhere. And the one character who can stop the monster takes her sweet time getting around to it, because if she did her badass routine in the first episode, it also would've been the last episode. The mystery is: where's the mystery? Take away the "spooky" filler, the enigmatic underwriting, and the dozens of in-your-face visual "allusions," and what's left of this popular Netflix show is ...

WRITER **DESMOND DEVLIN**
ARTIST **TOM RICHMOND**

I'm **Chief Dim Copper**. After my **marriage** fell apart, I went on a day-to-day **drinking binge**. It'll be **nine years** next Thursday! I have **plenty** to **drink** about. Stalkins, Indiana is **not** a **large town**. The **dating scene** here is so **grim** I've been **frisking** and **cuffing** *myself*!

If I *ever* **sober up**, this **monster mystery** could be my greatest **investigation** ever. It's either **this**, or my hunt for whoever removes all the **leaves** from the **trees** every **October** and **dumps** them on the **ground**! Last year, I came THISCLOSE to **catching** the **bastard**!

I'm **Joyless Spiders**. My son **Wimp's** sudden **disappearance** is just the *latest* **bad news** for our **family**. Do you know how **hurtful** it is to be considered the **"white trash"** in a **town** that just got **paved roads** *last week*? Most people in town think I'm **crazy**. Crazy? **ME**, **crazy**? **Crazy**, ***ME***? THEY'RE the ones who are **ones** who are **crazy ones**! They're all **jealous** because THEIR **Christmas lights** refuse to **talk** to **them**!

I'm **Mike Weenie**. These **three guys** are my **best** and ***only*** friends, **Mucus**, **Wimp** and **Disgustin**! Our **four-way bond** isn't just **meaningful**, it's **convenient**. The **school bullies** pound **me** on **Mondays**, **Mucus** on **Tuesdays**, **Wimp** on **Wednesdays** and **Disgustin** on **Thursdays**. I don't know **what** happens on **Fridays**...probably due to the **concussions**!

I am **NOT thrilled** by **Psychic Smurfette** joining our **clique**. At least with **these** three **losers**, I could **delude myself** into thinking I was the **cool one** of the **group**. Now I'm not even the one with **short hair**! I'm **skeptical** about **girls** traveling **solo** in the **woods**, ever since I read **"Little Red Riding Hood"**! Who'd think that being one of the **six black people** living in a **500-mile radius** could lead to **trust issues**?

Unlike **Mr. Cranky** over here, I'm an **optimist**! I **KNOW** we're going to **defeat** the **monster** by using the **greatest power** of all — **friendship**. But **just** in case, I'm bringing a **gun**! Eight years ago, my **parents** gave me this **magnetic compass**. And **someday** I will use it to **hunt** for two **other** people who've **disappeared**. My **parents**! The compass says **N-S-E-W**. I'm pretty sure that stands for **E.T.leven's** daily **diet**: **Ninety-Seven Eggo Waffles**!

Look at me **now**, while you **still can**! I'm about to ride my **bicycle** and get **grabbed** by a **carnivorous monstrosity**. But it's still **safer** than walking past the **Catholic church**! Oh, **wait**, this is the **1980s**, and *(cough)* **"nobody knew."** After my disappearance, **50 friends** and **neighbors** are going to **search** for me. But what **hurts** is that ***80*** of my **neighbors** will **search** for my **bicycle**!

UNSECURED TUNNEL TO SECRET LAB

I'm **Dr. Murky Terror**, director of the top secret **Neurological Investigative Center for Espionage, Killing, Interdimensional Terror and Torturing the Young**, or **NICEKITTY**! This is my **greatest** experiment: **E.T.leven**! She's the **only one** who can **mind-travel** to the **eerie realm** called the **"Downside-Up,"** and **psionically link** with the **monster** there. They're **so** in **sync**, she can even **finish** the monster's **sentences**. Which isn't that **impressive**, since it only *has* **two** sentences: **"RRARRR,"** and **"RRRAARRRR."** But she's a **girl** of **few words** herself. Aren't you, **sweetie**?

Uh huh.

I'm **Mr. Cluck**, the **audio-visual teacher**. I teach these **kids** about today's **cutting edge technology** such as **betamax VCRs**, **Super 8 cameras**, **ham radio**, **floppy disks**, **dot matrix printers**, **beepers**, **8-track players** and **typewriter repair**. These are the **skills** they'll **use** for the **rest** of their **lives**!

ADAM ANT

People see me, **Namby-Pamby Weenie**, and they think I'm just a prim **goody two-shoes**. But I have a **dangerous side**, too. When I took my college **ACT test**, I **wasn't** always **careful** about **entirely** filling in the **answer sheet bubbles**. Also, I used a **number THREE pencil**!

I'm **Namby-Pamby's** gloomy third wheel, **Carb**. I'm **not entertained** by this show's relentless **spot-the-reference** fan service. Somehow we **overlook AIDS**, **Ethiopian famine**, **President Reagan** and **John Lennon** and the **Pope** being **shot**, **crack babies**, and the **Iran hostage crisis**. Drink in ***that*** huggable **'80s nostalgia**!

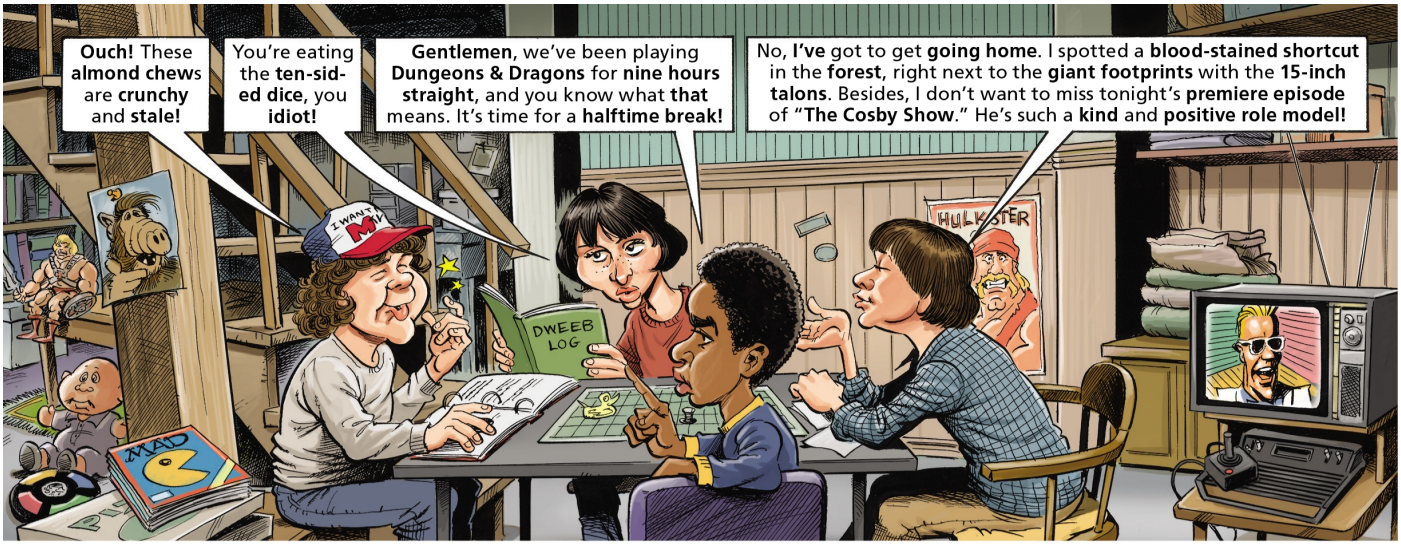
I'm **Skeeve Hairsrealtall**. At **first glance**, I'm the **rich**, **smarmy a-hole** you see in all **1980s teen movies**. Also at **second**, **third**, **sixth** and **tenth** glance! But I'm **really** a **gentleman**. I always **hold** a **door open** for a **lady**. Fine, so it's the **stall door** whenever I follow **Namby-Pamby** into the **girls' room**! **Courtesy counts**!

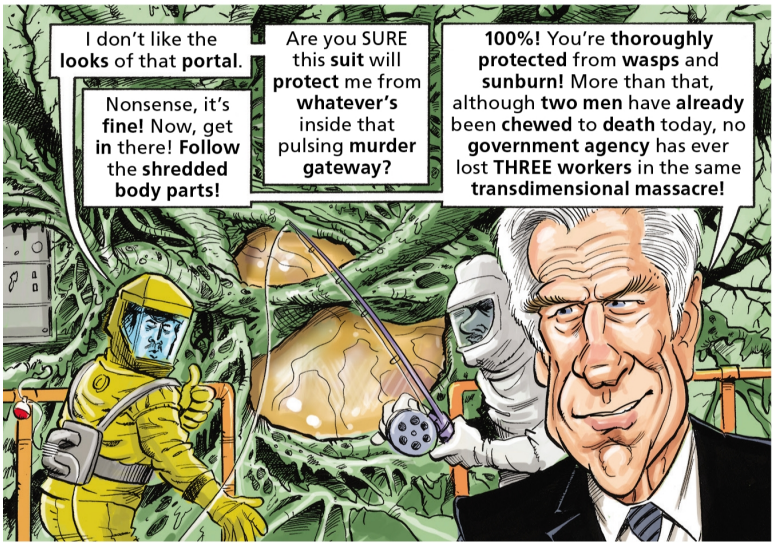
Er, uh, *slouch*, ***brood***, I'm **Wan-and-thin Spiders**. I **obsess** over Steve's girlfriend **Namby-Pamby**. **Look** at me! **I'm** the reason they invented **neighborhood watch lists**! I'm a **bedraggled loner**, **sullen stalker** and **Peeping Tom**. I'm **proud** to say that I've taken the **photographs** of **every girl** in the **senior class**. I'm **less** proud to **admit** that I did so from inside the **heating vent** of the **girls' locker room**!

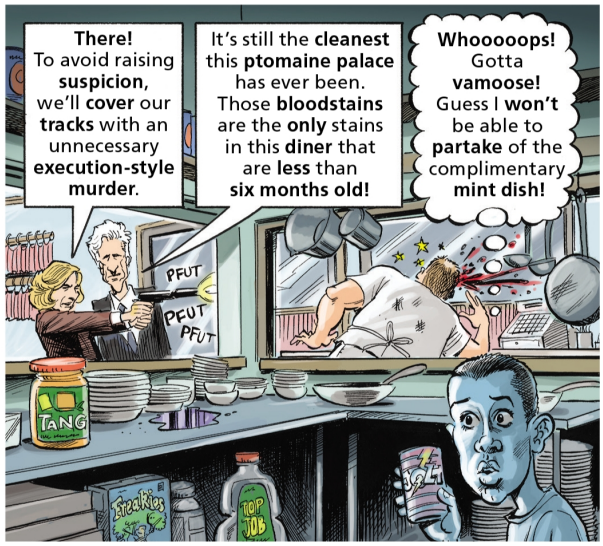
Some folks call me the **monster**. Some call me **"Demogorgon."** On my **tax form**, I put down **"Miles Ackerman."** I'm one of the **four** most **freakish**, **slimy creatures** of the **1980s**, along with the **Predator**, the **Alien** and **Jermaine Jackson**! After the **government** opened a **portal** to **earth**, I started **eating** people. Kind of makes you wonder what I ate **before** I had a **food source**! To **keep** you from **thinking** about that, please **enjoy** the constant seizure-inducing **light flickering**!

The show's **creators** say this **isn't** a **ripoff**, but an **"homage"** to the films of their **childhood**. Yeah, like how **BB-8** is an **"homage"** to **R2D2**!

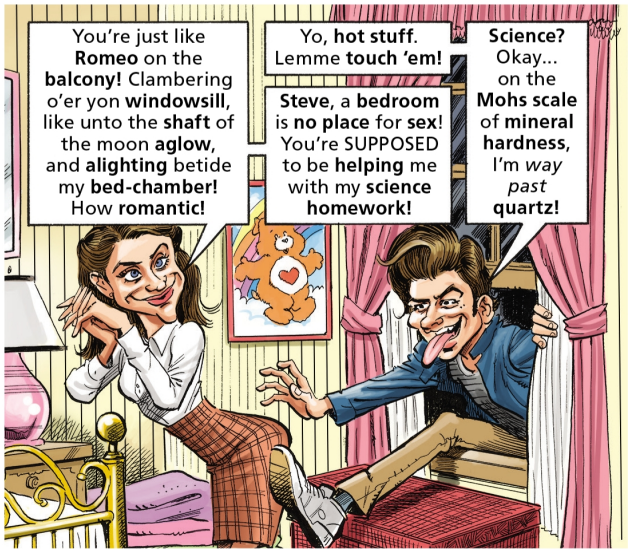
E....T....phone...**lawyer**!


Ouch! These almond chews are crunchy and stale!
You're eating the ten-sided dice, you idiot!
Gentlemen, we've been playing Dungeons & Dragons for nine hours straight, and you know what that means. It's time for a halftime break!
No, I've got to get going home. I spotted a blood-stained shortcut in the forest, right next to the giant footprints with the 15-inch talons. Besides, I don't want to miss tonight's premiere episode of "The Cosby Show." He's such a kind and positive role model!
I WANT MY MTV
DWEEB LOG
HULKSTER
MAD


I don't like the looks of that portal.
Nonsense, it's fine! Now, get in there! Follow the shredded body parts!
Are you SURE this suit will protect me from whatever's inside that pulsing murder gateway?
100%! You're thoroughly protected from wasps and sunburn! More than that, although two men have already been chewed to death today, no government agency has ever lost THREE workers in the same transdimensional massacre!


There! To avoid raising suspicion, we'll cover our tracks with an unnecessary execution-style murder.
It's still the cleanest this ptomaine palace has ever been. Those bloodstains are the only stains in this diner that are less than six months old!
Whooooops! Gotta vamoose! Guess I won't be able to partake of the complimentary mint dish!
PFUT
PFUT
PFUT
TANG
Fruitkies
TOP JOB


Fact. Your boy has gone missing. Fact. At the same time, a bald girl walks into the diner. Fact. One kid vanishes as one kid appears. Conclusion. The boy shaved his head and swapped genders. Boom! Two cases solved! Where's my vodka?
The case is NOT solved! Wimp is still missing, and I'm 11% more frantic than usual!
Stay calm. We will return Wimp home safely to you. That is a guarantee. In the meantime, though, did you happen to bring his dental records?
WHO SHOT J.R.?
WANTED


You're just like Romeo on the balcony! Clambering o'er yon windowsill, like unto the shaft of the moon aglow, and alighting betide my bed-chamber! How romantic!
Yo, hot stuff. Lemme touch 'em!
Steve, a bedroom is no place for sex! You're SUPPOSED to be helping me with my science homework!
Science? Okay... on the Mohs scale of mineral hardness, I'm *way past* quartz!





Now that you've **brought** her to your **house**, what **next?**

After you guys **leave**, I'm going to do what **me** or any of my **friends** would do with a **confused**, **underdressed young girl** in a **secluded basement**. Play role-playing **board games** and feed her **waffles**, of course! I **wonder** what's behind that **faraway look** in her **eyes**...

E.T.leven, I **love** you. I'm here to **protect** you and **care** for you as if you were my **own daughter**. And after you spend an hour **gasping** for **air** in the **monster torture tank**, honey bunny, the **analysts** are going to need some **lung scrapings!**

Wimp! Speak to me, **Wimp!** I'd **recognize** the sound of your **muted crackle** anywhere!

ZAP!

Ack! Talk about **reversing** the **charges!**

I **swear**, sometimes talking to **that kid** is like talking to the **wall!** But by **painting** the **alphabet** onto the wall and tacking up **Christmas lights**, he can send me **messages**, one **letter** at at **time**. There's only **room** on this wall to fit **A** through **Y**, but he won't need the **Z** to **communicate**, unless he's **zigzagging** to escape **zillions** of **zombie zebras** from **Zambia!**

Some friend **Namby-Pamby** turned out to be! She **drags** me to this **pool party**, then **ditches** me and runs **upstairs** to **lose** her **virginity** to **Skeeve**. For her, **chlorine** must be an **aphrodisiac!**

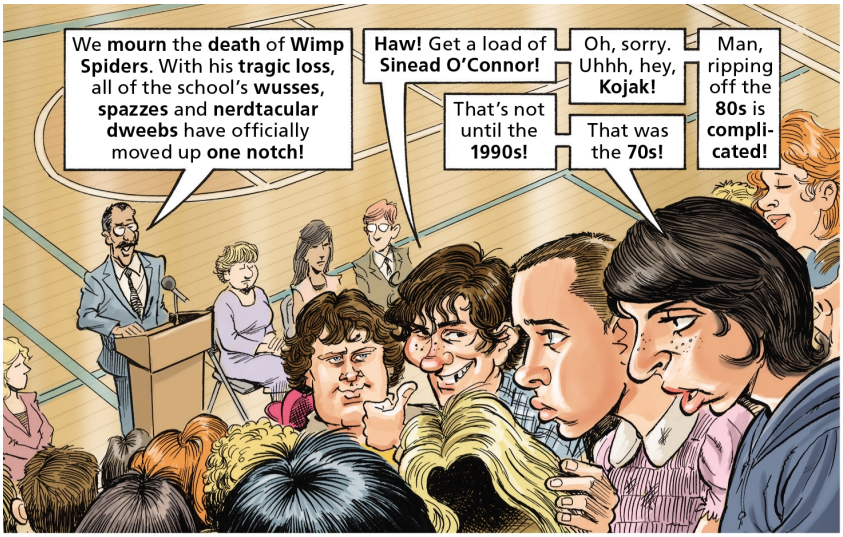
Wait here by the **pool**, Carb. We'll be back in **15 minutes**.

Make that **two minutes!**

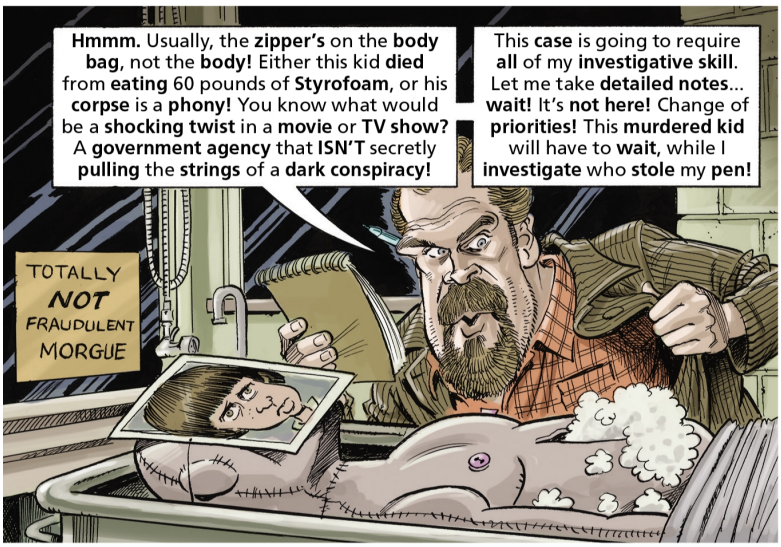
Your **friend**. **Wimp**. I **sense** him. He's **terrified**, **alone**. Cold, **hungry**. Longs to **escape**, but he's **trapped**. The only thing I **can't** tell is whether he's in the **Downside-Up**, or in his own **house!**

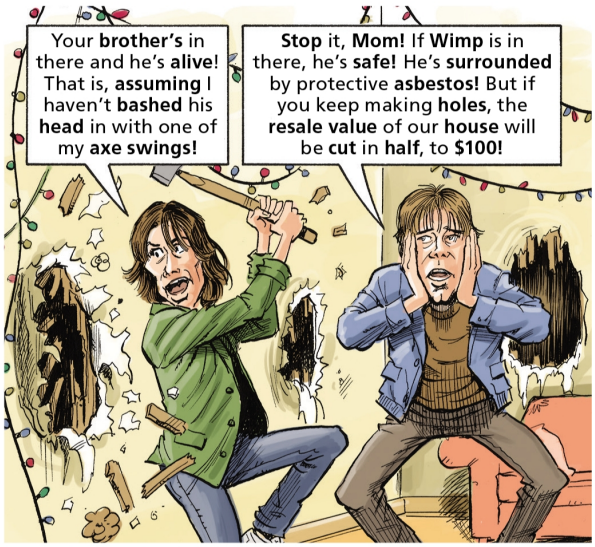
Her **nose** is **bleeding**. I **think** that means she's become a **woman?**

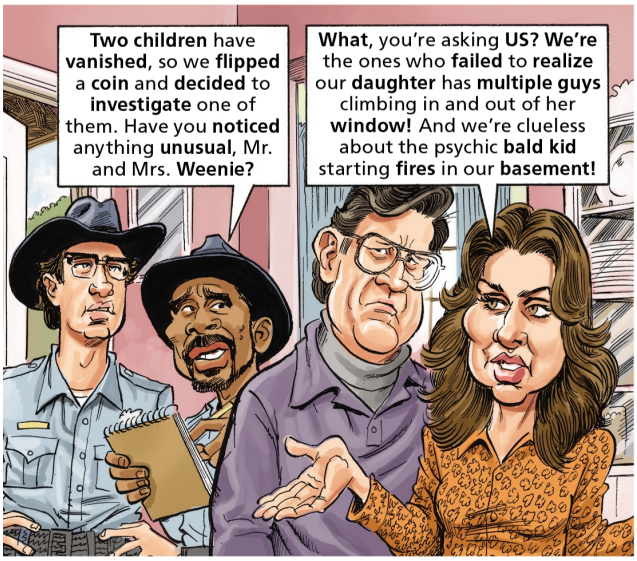
This **explains** why you've failed **Sex Ed** for **three semesters running!**

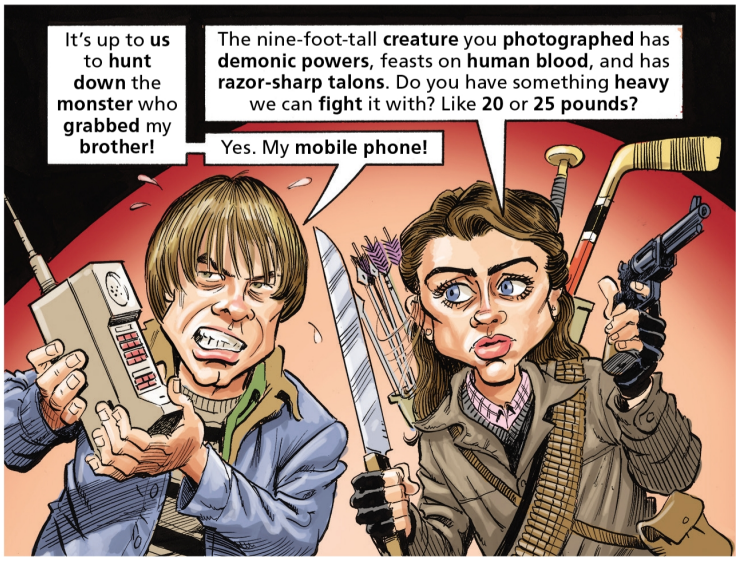

We **mourn** the **death** of **Wimp Spiders**. With his **tragic loss**, all of the school's **wusses**, **spazzes** and **nerdtacular dweebs** have officially moved up **one notch!**
Haw! Get a load of **Sinead O'Connor!**
That's not until the **1990s!**
Oh, sorry. Uhhh, hey, **Kojak!**
That was the **70s!**
Man, ripping off the **80s** is **compli-cated!**

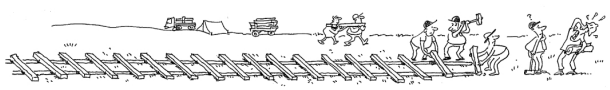

A lot of this show's **viewers** can **relate** to becoming **totally inert** while **peeing** their **pants**. **Netflix binge watching** will do that to you!


Hmmm. Usually, the **zipper's** on the **body bag**, not the **body!** Either this kid **died** from **eating** 60 pounds of **Styrofoam**, or his **corpse** is a **phony!** You know what would be a **shocking twist** in a **movie** or **TV show?** A **government agency** that **ISN'T** secretly **pulling** the **strings** of a **dark conspiracy!**
This **case** is going to require **all** of my **investigative skill**. Let me take **detailed notes**... **wait!** It's **not here!** Change of **priorities!** This **murdered kid** will have to **wait**, while I **investigate** who **stole** my **pen!**
TOTALLY *NOT* FRAUDULENT MORGUE

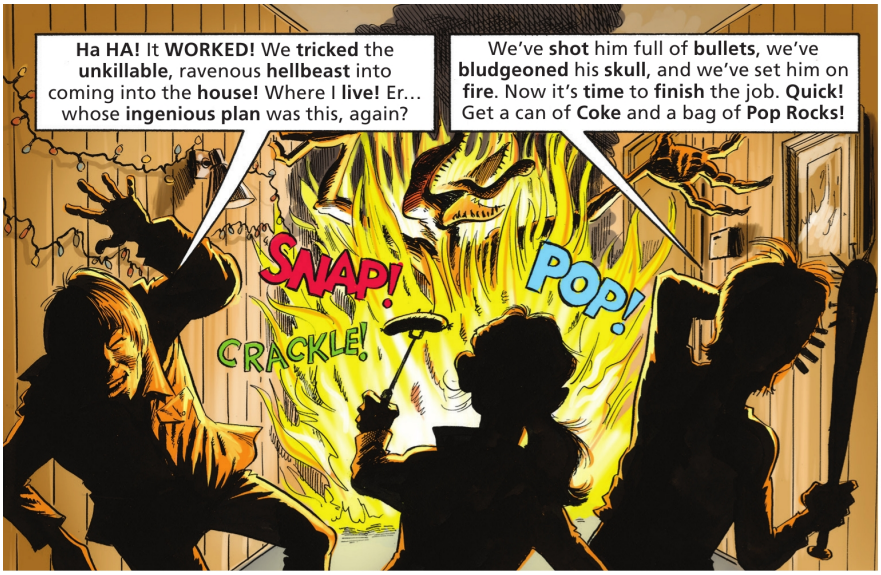

Your **brother's** in there and he's **alive!** That is, **assuming** I haven't **bashed** his **head** in with one of my **axe swings!**
Stop it, **Mom!** If **Wimp** is in there, he's **safe!** He's **surrounded** by protective **asbestos!** But if you keep making **holes**, the **resale value** of our **house** will be **cut** in **half**, to **$100!**

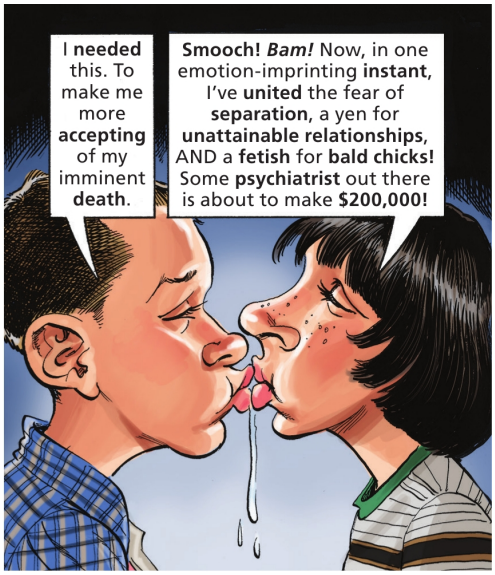

Two children have **vanished**, so we **flipped** a **coin** and **decided** to **investigate** one of them. Have you **noticed** anything **unusual**, Mr. and Mrs. **Weenie?**
What, you're asking **US? We're** the ones who **failed** to **realize** our **daughter** has **multiple guys** climbing in and out of her **window!** And we're clueless about the psychic **bald kid** starting **fires** in our **basement!**

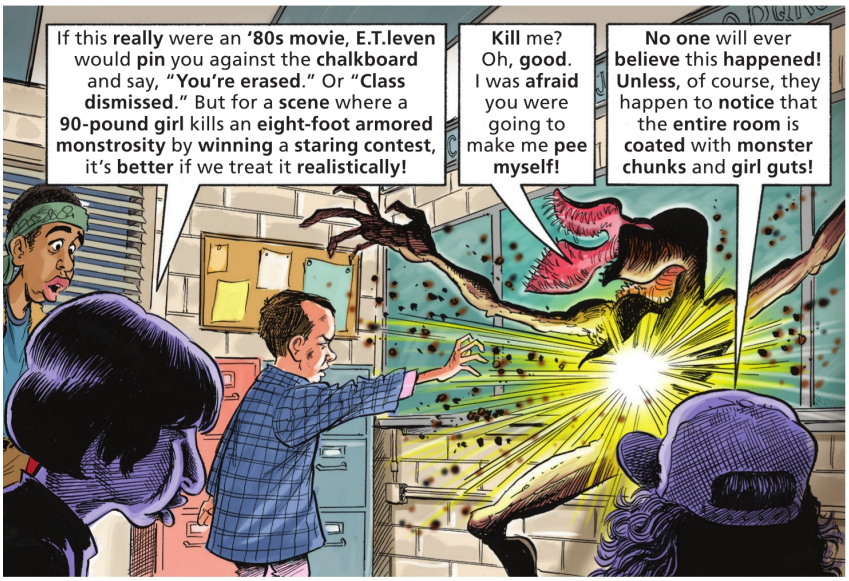

It's up to **us** to **hunt down** the **monster** who **grabbed** my **brother!**
The nine-foot-tall **creature** you **photographed** has **demonic powers**, feasts on **human blood**, and has **razor-sharp talons**. Do you have something **heavy** we can **fight** it with? Like **20** or **25 pounds?**
Yes. My **mobile phone!**



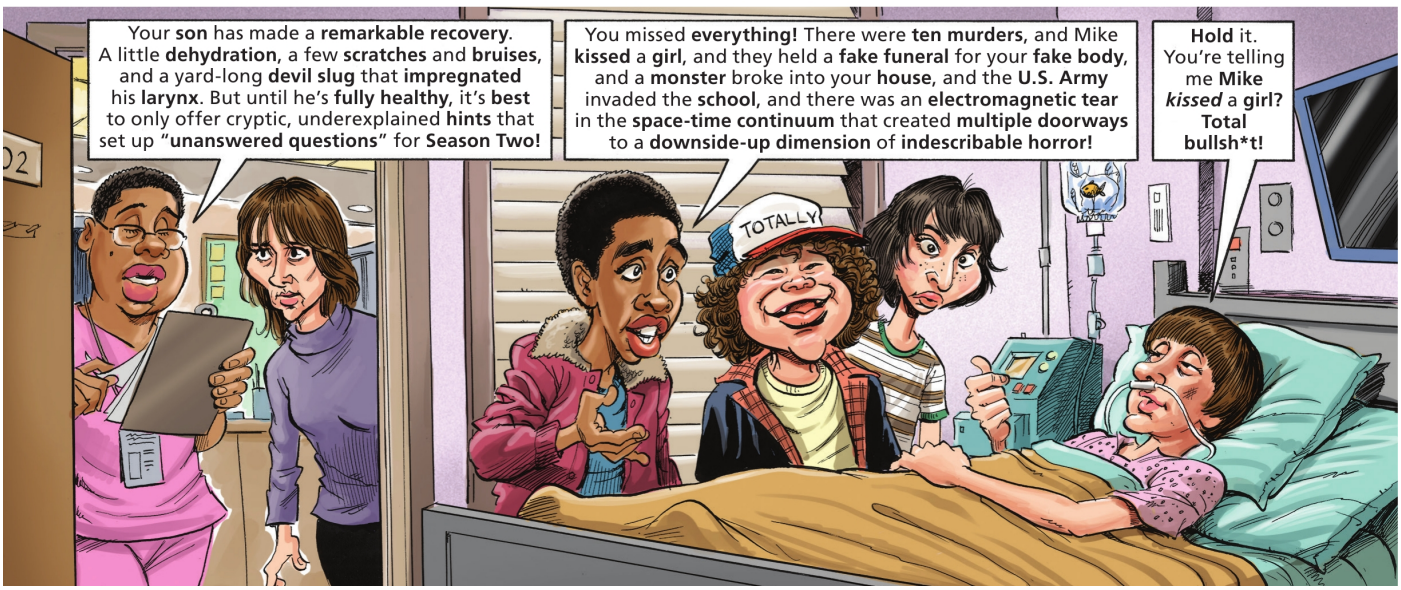

Let me **explain** how the theoretical **"Downside-Up"** dimension might **work**. I'll just use this new **mint copy** of ***Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles* #1**. It'll **never** be **worth** anything! Pretend this **comic** is our **universe**. If you **bend** it like **this**, and make a **hole**, you **create** a **doorway**. One **catch**. You'd need a **ballpoint pen** the size of **Nebraska!** The **Downside-Up** is just one of **4,095,170,224,671** possible **parallel universes**. I'm just **hoping** against **hope** that maybe, **conceivably**, my **mustache** might be considered a **turn-on** in **one** of them!
It still makes more **logical sense** than when our **Economics teacher** tried to explain **Reaganomics!**
TAB
I'm a little **nervous** about **crawling** through this **secret entrance** to reach a **gloomy, terrible place** where **hope** is **dead** and **human life** has **no value.**
That's a **coincidence. *We*** say the **same thing** about **your town!**
If you think the **Downside-Up** is **horrible,** try being **permanently trapped** in the **Friend Zone!**
Puff! Puff! It took me **two hours** to **hike out** and **find** you **losers** here! How the **hell** are you **floating** up here after **jumping** off the **cliff?** Did that **bald girl** use her **psychic powers** to **save** you?
No, I just **landed** on the pile of **corpses.** This is a **depressing town,** and the **suicide rate** is well over **90 percent!**
We were **ALREADY** the **three** most **undateable dweebs** in the **entire town**. And **now** we're going to spend our **unchaperoned time** in **SCHOOL?**
It's **important!** The **adults** are **sneaking into** the **portal** to the **Downside-Up**. My **sister** and **Wan-and-thin** are **distracting** the **monster**. And **E.T.leven** is using her **powers** to locate **Wimp** and **Carb**, exactly where we already **know** they'll be. **That way,** we **"exhaust"** her **superpowers** to create **fake suspense!**
For **some reason,** my loosely defined **bully-freezing, van-flipping, dimension-visiting, fire-starting, monster-shattering mental abilities** get **stronger** if I'm **immersed** in **water**. Need a **scientific explanation?** It's one part **oxygen**, two parts **hydrogen**, and *ten parts* **horsecrap!**


Ha HA! It WORKED! We tricked the unkillable, ravenous hellbeast into coming into the house! Where I live! Er… whose ingenious plan was this, again?
We've shot him full of bullets, we've bludgeoned his skull, and we've set him on fire. Now it's time to finish the job. Quick! Get a can of Coke and a bag of Pop Rocks!
SNAP!
POP!
CRACKLE!


I needed this. To make me more accepting of my imminent death.
Smooch! *Bam!* Now, in one emotion-imprinting instant, I've united the fear of separation, a yen for unattainable relationships, AND a fetish for bald chicks! Some psychiatrist out there is about to make $200,000!


If this really were an '80s movie, E.T.leven would pin you against the chalkboard and say, "You're erased." Or "Class dismissed." But for a scene where a 90-pound girl kills an eight-foot armored monstrosity by winning a staring contest, it's better if we treat it realistically!
Kill me? Oh, good. I was afraid you were going to make me pee myself!
No one will ever believe this happened! Unless, of course, they happen to notice that the entire room is coated with monster chunks and girl guts!


This is like being on the inside of one of Keith Richards' lungs. But it's still nicer than my apartment.
Speak to me, Wimp! *Speak to me!* Oh sure, the kid talks to Christmas lights and walls, but to his mother's face, suddenly he's got nothing to say!


Your son has made a remarkable recovery. A little dehydration, a few scratches and bruises, and a yard-long devil slug that impregnated his larynx. But until he's fully healthy, it's best to only offer cryptic, underexplained hints that set up "unanswered questions" for Season Two!
You missed everything! There were ten murders, and Mike kissed a girl, and they held a fake funeral for your fake body, and a monster broke into your house, and the U.S. Army invaded the school, and there was an electromagnetic tear in the space-time continuum that created multiple doorways to a downside-up dimension of indescribable horror!
Hold it. You're telling me Mike *kissed* a girl? Total bullsh*t!
TOTALLY

WHAT GENDER-BASED CHANGE ARE MANY AMERICANS STUBBORNLY REFUSING TO ACCEPT?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER

MAD FOLD-IN

Some people have trouble getting used to change. It's like their number one priority is to stubbornly hold on to the past. It's spooky, but it's something people just refuse to hold in. The sad truth is, life is going to move on with or without them, so they need to stop complaining and give up the ghost.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A FOLD PAGE OVER LEFT

B FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"



FEMALES FEAR PUBLIC RESTROOMS. THEY HEAR OF GHASTLY THINGS HAPPENING IN THERE. BUT MOSTLY IT'S IN THEIR IMAGINATIONS. THE WORST BUSINESS IS TELLING ALL THIS TO NEWS REPORTERS

A WRITER AND ARTIST: AL JAFFEE B

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FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A

FOLD PAGE OVER LEFT

B FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"

TARGET

OUR RESTROOMS OPEN TO ALL

Keep Boys OUT OF Girl's Rooms!

MACHO MAN

NO BIRTH CERTIFICATE, NO TOILET!

I'M a BATHROOM Voter!

KEEP NORTH CAROLINA RESTROOMS SAFE!

FEMALES FEAR PUBLIC RESTROOMS. THEY HEAR OF GHASTLY THINGS HAPPENING IN THERE. BUT MOSTLY IT'S IN THEIR IMAGINATIONS. THE WORST BUSINESS IS TELLING ALL THIS TO NEWS REPORTERS

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A

B

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B FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"

TARGET

OUR RESTROOMS OPEN TO ALL

Keep Boys OUT OF Girl's Rooms!

MACHO MAN

NO BIRTH CERTIFICATE, NO TOILET!

I'M a BATHROOM Voter!

KEEP NORTH CAROLINA RESTROOMS SAFE!

FEMALES FEAR PUBLIC RESTROOMS. THEY HEAR OF GHASTLY THINGS HAPPENING IN THERE. BUT MOSTLY IT'S IN THEIR IMAGINATIONS. THE WORST BUSINESS IS TELLING ALL THIS TO NEWS REPORTERS

WRITER AND ARTIST: AL JAFFEE

A

B

WHAT GENDER-BASED CHANGE ARE MANY AMERICANS STUBBORNLY REFUSING TO ACCEPT?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER

MAD FOLD-IN

Some people have trouble getting used to change. It's like their number one priority is to stubbornly hold on to the past. It's spooky, but it's something people just refuse to hold in. The sad truth is, life is going to move on with or without them, so they need to stop complaining and give up the ghost.

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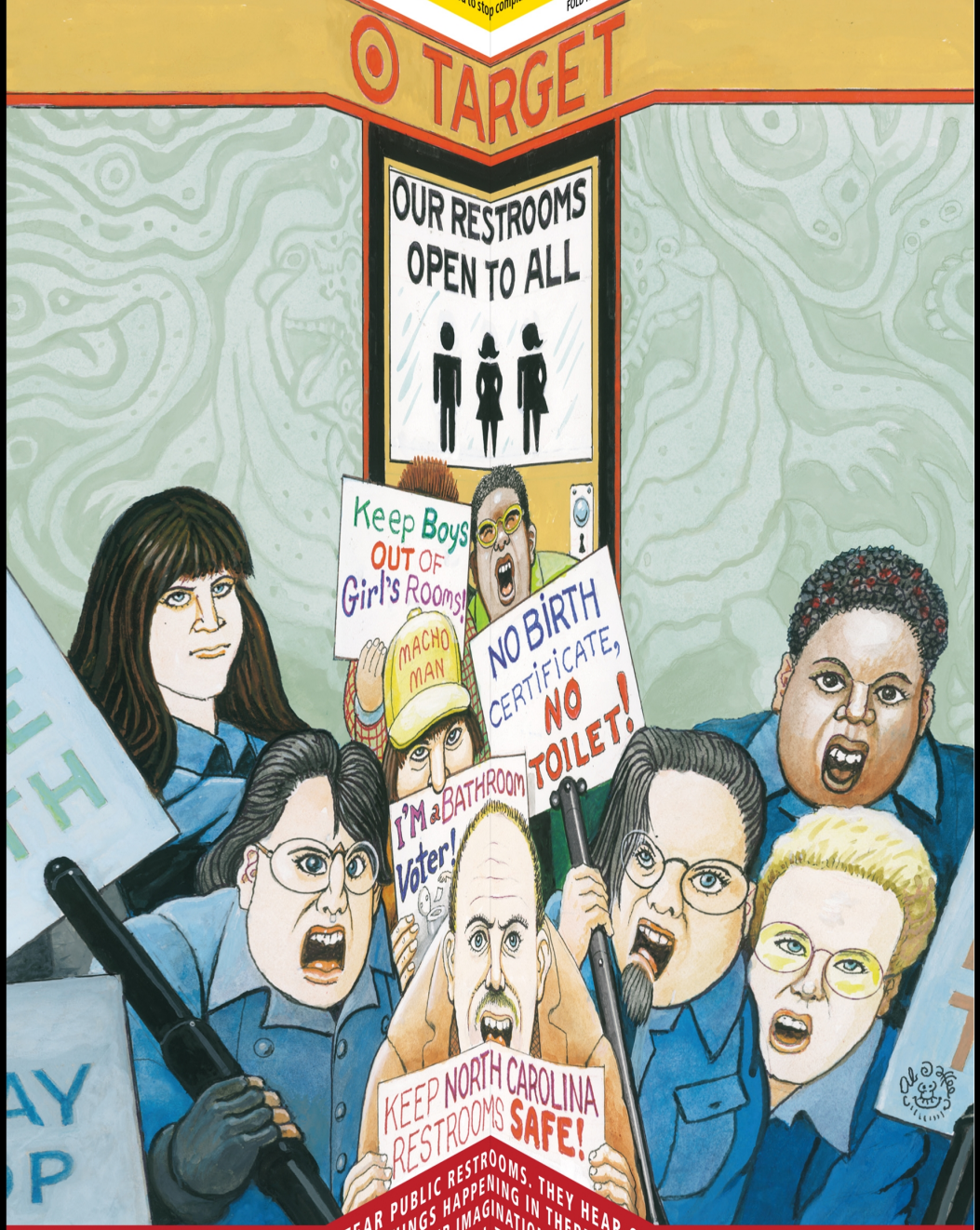
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HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER
MAD FOLD-IN

Some people have trouble getting used to change. It's like their number one priority is to maintain the status quo. Personally, I don't understand people. Just because it's old it is going to mess up with or without them. So they need to stop complaining and get up the ghost.

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FEMALE GHOST-BUSTERS

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MAD

